

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

RETRIBUTION.

BY REV. B. F. CHARY, D. D.

A WAY in the twilight of the world's first great cycle was a king named Adoni-Bezek. He was a tyrant and rebel against God, as men of his class have often been since. He had a singular fondness for peculiar tortures, a kingly virtue by no means uncommon. The ungodly subjects of Adoni-Bezek had offended the Israelites, and Judah and Simeon had formed a league to punish them. The wicked king, who was the terror and disgrace of his people, now became their leader to ruin. Ten thousand men fell before Israel, "but Adoni-Bezek fled, and they pursued after him, and caught him, and cut off his thumbs, and his great toes," or as it is in Hebrew, the *thumbs of his hands and his feet*. Adoni-Bezek's experience is interesting to all tyrants, and we quote it as an appropriate introduction to the thoughts we intend to utter:

"And Adoni-Bezek said, threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God has requited me. And they brought him to Jerusalem, and there he died." What an interesting crowd of guests these seventy thumbless kings must have made! What delight to behold them marked in this novel manner! A strange hand guides the armies of Israel, and Adoni-Bezek becomes a captive, and his thumbs and great toes are cut off as an instance of retributive justice. This royal captive is one of many thousands who have, in a similar manner, proved that God requites according to the deeds of men.

Sometimes kings take a fancy to cut off people's heads instead of their thumbs, and then the like ceremony generally ends their own lives. Haman, after consultation with his amiable wife, thought it would be an eminently-proper thing

to hang Mordecai, the Jew. His own patriotic neck filled Mordecai's place on that occasion, and Mrs. Haman had abundant cause to think that her advice was, after all, not as appropriate as might have been given.

The God of truth and justice has established a government that never makes any mistakes. It is not built on the platform of any party. We do not believe that there is any possibility of bribing the infinite Throne. Heaven is true to the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, whatever men may do.

In the days of Darius, the Persian monarch, certain office-holders attempted a plot of great wickedness against a most excellent man. Daniel was a man of genius, piety, learning, and great ability as a governor. The rich and powerful dreaded his influence and determined to put him to death. They selected, as an interesting way of getting him effectually put out of hearing, the method of feeding him to hungry lions. That experiment had rather an unfortunate issue for the courtiers of Darius. The lions mysteriously refused to make a supper of Daniel, but accepted the other benevolent gentlemen as a most dainty breakfast. It is unquestionably a most difficult matter for wicked men to manage Providence. They can manage all else with seeming ease. They plan admirably, the devil helps, and the only reason they do not always succeed is, that their mischief has a remarkable tendency to fall on their own heads. We have always noticed this, and have been so impressed of late with this very peculiar state of things that we could not forbear the pleasure of warning those who may read this, that plans made against justice and truth have a very bad prospect of getting on to completion, except in a most unexpected manner, ending disastrously to the high contracting parties. Now, if we were disposed to procure the cutting off of all your thumbs and great toes; and if we had the power

to execute this design, we should fully expect to be buried minus thumbs and toes. If we were to institute the useless punishment of cutting off the noses of people who did not allow us to use that member as a handle by which to lead them, we would not think it unlikely that our noses would go too in like manner. Any particular mischief has a way of inverting itself, like the missile called boomerang, employed by the savages of Australia. They throw it with great force, and after performing its mission it returns to the feet of the owner. An unskillful hand would be almost certain to knock himself down.

When a man hurls a club at the head of another it may hit the mark, but it often happily recoils and knocks the head off of the party of the first part. God inspired Obadiah to write of Edom, "As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee; thy reward shall return upon thine own head."

It is a most unpleasant thing to have matters arranged in this way, yet we know no way of avoiding the operation of inevitable laws. There seems to be great regularity in the way things are done all over this world, so much so that even an infidel might suspect that a secret hand was moving the wheel of fortune, and moving it in a way to make fate unfavorable to sin. Jesus Christ, our Savior, had a most wonderful way of talking, so much so that it was said, "He spake as never man spake." On one occasion he said, "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Here is the same law of providential equivalents written and published by unerring wisdom. The history of the world is full of examples, and this age is replete with striking testimony to the same great facts. A man may measure to others cruelty, scorn, injustice, and yet all of these shall settle like harpies on his own tables, and no power can drive them away. The business that inevitably does not pay is that which dishonors God, represses virtue, or insults humanity in any sense. If there is any thing melancholy, it is the persistent determination of bad men to defeat the will of God, and the miserable way in which they come out in their mad enterprise. Every course of sinning has its way of hastening to retribution. The intoxicating cup does its mission with certainty and speed. The course of the debauchee, or libertine, or gambler, leads to ruin of fortune and all we mean by hell in a world to come. Each path leads on to its own unerring doom, and Omnipotence alone can save the fallen spirit from an ultimate lapsing to eternal despair. Pope Alexander VI, a fair specimen of that line of tyrants and apostates, "prepared a jar of poi-

soned sweetmeats in order to destroy the wealthy Cardinal Corneto. He ate of them himself and died in agony." The history of the Popes would furnish examples sufficient to convince any one of an overruling Providence.

Louis the Debonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne, put his nephew Bernard to death, and forced his three brothers to assume the clerical tonsure. This was done at the instigation of his Queen. She soon died. He married again. His wife was unfaithful, a spurious son was born to his house, and finally succeeded in ascending the throne of France; while his own sons, after treating their father as unnaturally as he had treated his brothers, died unregretted.

Let any one read the life of Henry VIII, and he will be convinced that that lustful and guilty monarch was conducted through his career by a guiding hand, which would not let his wickedness reach the intended result, but in every case turned the bolt directed at truth against the head of error.

Anne Boleyn rejoiced at the death of Catherine, for she hoped soon to be a queen herself. She was at last a queen, was supplanted by Jane Seymour, and beheaded by her husband's command.

Cardinal Wolsey is an illustrious example of the justice of Providence. He sought the Papal throne, a phantom which he pursued through many years. He was disappointed in his ambitious hopes, and exclaimed once after a sore defeat, "They laugh at me, and thrust me in the second rank. So be it! I will create such a confusion in the world as has not been seen for ages. . . . I will do it, even should England be swallowed up in the tempest!" He deliberately plotted the divorce between Henry VIII and Catherine. His pride and ambition, his bigotry and intolerance, his great abilities and unscrupulous zeal made him a marked man, a signal instance of human infirmity and Divine justice. Iago does not pursue Othello with more malice and art than Wolsey manifests in managing this cruel and infamous divorce. To embroil Henry with the Pope and Charles V is the great object. Suggestion after suggestion is made in the true spirit of the tempter. His success was equal to his demerit; he plotted like a bigot and executed like a cardinal. He secured two divorces in one act; the first he planned, the second Providence arranged; the first made it easy for Henry to begin his course of marrying and killing his wives, the second set England free from the monstrous plague of Papal supremacy. Wolsey divorced the King and Queen; God divorced England and Rome.

This unhappy man, after passing through a

course of ambition and crime scarcely equaled, met at last the common fate of unrepenting sinners. His sentence on himself was, "If I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs!" He afterward added, "This is my just reward!" A life of impurity, dishonesty, intrigue, and ambition, ended in confusion, remorse, and, in a word, *retribution*. History describes great cycles, as though time were an immense wheel, revolving with steady motion. It begins where it ends, and ends where it begins. Great families founded in crime, mounting to power over human hopes, and rights, and hearts, end in dismay and blood. Great national offenses, committed with seeming impunity, turn over on the wheel till they appear again, punished with the impartiality of avenging justice. Pharaoh defies God and goes under the waters of the sea, leaving a very large company of fugitive slaves in a fair way of escape, and no supreme court to decide against them. Xerxes was an immensely-rich and a consummately-foolish king. He marched to Greece with millions of his subjects, most of whom were left dead on its plains. He marched by Thermopylæ; he met there Leonidas, an agent of Providence and a type of Greece. He left his proud army hewn to pieces by the Greeks at Salamis, Mycale, and Platæa, while he escaped across the Hellespont in a fishing-boat, and hastened to pay his debt and meet retribution in a violent death at home. So went Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte—all hurrying through the same death-scenes down the perilous way to judgment.

Thus went the early English kings. William, Duke of Normandy, had his life imbittered by the rebellion and profligacy of his son Robert, his death hastened by remorse and shame, and his body, insulted by a disgusting burial, being carted away like a pauper. Treason, villainy, and violence now mount up to the summit; anon they go down till they are lost to human sight, and perdition suggests itself as their doom. "We meet this bloody round of treachery and vengeance again and again in England during the dark era of the 'war of the roses.' Edward IV, and his brutal brothers, murdered Henry VI, the Prince of Wales, and thousands of the adherents of the house of Lancaster. And then the royal trio turned their fury against one another. Clarence was murdered by his brothers. Edward perished in the prime of his life; his death being hastened by the cares and anxieties attending the usurped crown, by remorse for his brother's death, and by his indulgence in those pleasures which his assumed rank gave him. His two sons were murdered by command of their uncle

Richard, and Richard himself was slain in battle. And nearly all who aided the fierce brothers in their cruelties came to untimely ends."

Glance back again at Rome—at her Cæsars, her emperors. They are knaves, fools, and tyrants in one solemn procession marching to judgment. They run from crime to punishment so fast, it is hard to be blind to the philosophy they teach. See the whirl of those rapid revolutions that sends them headlong to the pit. They are mad men defying Omnipotence, and they are coming out in the usual way. An unknown writer says:

"The licentious monster, Domitian, fell by the hand of the assassin. The fiddling fool and bloody knave, Nero, poisoned himself. The ferocious Caligula was killed by conspirators, after a reign of four years. The brutal Commodus was first poisoned and then strangled. The savage fratricide, Caracalla, was stabbed with a dagger. The effeminate, superstitious, vindictive Elagabalus, was assassinated by the Pretorian guards. The remorseless giant, Maximin, was slain in his tent. The cruel debauchee, Gallienus, was killed by a dart from the hand of a conspirator. Carinus, who, Gibbon says, united the extravagances of Elagabalus with the cruelties of Domitian, fell by the hand of an injured husband. Gallus, distinguished for his treachery and bloodthirstiness, was betrayed and murdered."

Now, this is a record sufficiently startling, but its significance is forgotten in the whirl of pleasure and crime, that constitutes much of this world's history. One generation has experiences that ought to warn those following; but our stupidity renders it necessary for each of us to pass the same road in order to understand its difficulties. If a rope was kept across Niagara, and one or two had crossed safely and a hundred had been lost, it would be a strong temptation to all of the numerous fools that pass that way. Who wants to be outdone? Who is willing to submit to the rules of slow honesty in the acquisition of wealth and power? Modern history speaks of God and retribution as plainly as ancient times. France demonstrated a Providence, and wrote out the indisputable logic of retribution in deep blood-stains which warn us, and will remind us of our own history if we do not see light before our cup is full. First, there are the royalists all together, king, queen, nobles, all having a divine right to tax and rule France, divine right to make the poor poorer and the nobles richer. These have been writing their own sentence for ages; from Clovis down the Merovingian line to Pepin; from Charlemagne along the Carolingian line to Charles the Fair; from Philip IV, in the line of the Capets, to Henry III; from Henry IV

to Charles X of the Bourbons, and from him to Louis Philippe, this throne of France is a death-shade on liberty. It is a monstrous pestle, and the people are in the mortar, being ground to powder. These extraordinary people in all these ages, descending to our times, endure this grinding process. From barbarism in the fifth century, to the politest nation in the world in the eighteenth, they endured perpetual mauling. They keep muttering, and swearing, and huzza-ing for *la belle France*, and shouting "*Vive le roi, vive l'Empereur*," with an occasional cry of *vive la republique*; but all the time it is in their hearts to take vengeance some time.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

"KATA DUNAMIN"—ACCORDING TO YOUR POWER.

BY MRS. B. B. LEAVITT.

IT was such a bright, joyous morning! how could any one pass it unheeded, much less *repel* its winning influence! Yet the exhausted frame of some night-watcher might reasonably fail to be recruited by its freshness. The crushing weight that strikes the heart as the life-flame of a departing friend flickers and brightens, flickers again, then again waves into brilliance, and then drops into the darkness of death; ay, yes, the enshrouding gloom of such a scene might effectually close the eye to its loveliness, and perchance—strange fact!—perchance there are those so gross, so stolid, so unimpressible by earth's beauties or heaven's glories, as to look out from their dull souls upon all mornings alike—each but the stupid reiteration of the preceding. Mrs. Sinclair belonged to neither class. A sweet, happy countenance was usually hers. A bright eye mirrored a buoyant spirit. A cheerful voice echoed a lively soul; but now she sat in her nursery enveloped in the mists of an evidently-disturbed mind. She cast her eye toward the window, upon whose dark green curtain waved to and fro the reflected leaves and branches of noble trees, and beyond which stretched plains, and hills, and knolls, here a gently-flowing stream, there a broad meadow disposed with nature's own beautiful variety—one glance and it was withdrawn hastily—pettishly. The cloud lowered more heavily over the brow, while the sunbeams, with painful contrast, danced, and flashed, and quivered all about her, flinging their coquettish kisses upon every polished surface, and tingling with their golden beams the pretty curls of a tiny head that bobbed about here, there, every-where. Now and then the little fellow paused beside his mother, but receiving no encouraging look, ran

off again to his plays, but soon soft tones of entreaty accompanied the earnest, pleading gaze.

"Up lap, mamma, up lap; pease, up lap."

"No, no, Harry, mamma won't up lap. There, go play and pile your blocks."

Thus rebuffed Harry puckered up his lip, but forming a more manly resolution crept off to "play and pile the blocks." One or two efforts sufficed, however, and with baby perseverance, that insures success, he tottled his way back again and was soon pulling right lustily at his mother's dress.

"Yes, yes, I may abandon all hopes of being any thing but a nurse and housekeeper," ejaculated Mrs. Sinclair. Married ladies have no chance whatever for mental improvement, and yet, silly creatures! girls must marry the minute they are out of school," and the mother tossed aside the book, an interrupted effort to read which had brought the cloud, and with, by no means, a gentle motion placed the importuner upon her lap.

"Do n't you wish yourself eight years younger and Hattie Lane again?" Mrs. Sinclair was not really aware that her voice had uttered her hasty thoughts. It fell upon her husband's ear as he sought the nursery with quiet step to give his wife an agreeable surprise, but the strange words caused him to pause upon the threshold, and the ready kiss lingered upon the lip. "Yes, I do," replied Hattie with pettish earnestness and averted face, but glancing stealthily around she read wounded love upon every line of the face before her. "No, no, dearest, you know I do n't," and in an instant the really-affectionate wife was in her husband's arms. "You know I am a great deal happier than I ever was or could have been without you, but then"—

"But then all these children, and this great house, and this exacting husband, and such a multitude of terrible cares to weigh you down."

Mrs. Sinclair smiled, for the case as it really existed was amusing. Her house, though possessing every comfort, was not large; children but three, health uninterrupted, and, to crown all, one of the very best of "good husbands;" so that although Hattie Sinclair thought she had *every thing to try her*, in reality the case was not intensely alarming. As for *care* she had none. She could not possibly have defined its meaning from her own experience, and yet month and year had slipped away without witnessing that mental advancement she felt ought to have been made. Mrs. Sinclair smiled, but her countenance was left by no means unclouded. She sighed deeply as she looked up into her husband's face and said, "I wish I could find more time for reading."

"Well, Hattie, why do n't you? I am sure I can not see."

"Certainly not, gentlemen never see any thing."

"Yes, I do. I see my sweet wife with tasteful toilet ready to greet her husband's return, and"—

"Ah," interrupted the wife with a half-angry flush deepening her cheek, "I suppose you think my toilet has consumed the morning."

"Tut, tut, Hattie, you are too sensitive—too inflammable. I only meant you were always ready to greet your husband's return for dinner, and the children too are so neatly dressed, and your household altogether so well arranged."

"And it is of all this I complain. System has been my constant aim, and yet when the thousand little duties, which every day brings, are discharged, there is very little if any time left for reading. The pen is altogether out of the question."

"Can not you save a little time between times?"

"Between times," echoed Hattie scornfully. "Pray, what do you mean by *between times*? Truly a gentleman's suggestion! It is all between times where there is an infant."

"When he is asleep, then."

"Nonsense, I have to seize the opportunity when Harry is asleep to superintend parlor, kitchen, cellars, and a thousand other things. It is a merciful providence that babies must sleep some of the time."

"Well, Hattie dear, you say gentlemen never see any thing, and I suppose it must be true, for I can't see for the life of me why you should be so burdened as you say you are, when you have two such good servants. I believe I could manage them so as to save my own time. Why do n't you?"

"O, it really amuses me to hear gentlemen say how they could manage servants; and as to ever comprehending the intricacies of housekeeping, or the scope of a woman's duties, you might as well expect their wives to fathom by intuition the mysteries of *Æschylus*. But I may just as well submit to circumstances. Housekeepers and mothers must be housekeepers and mothers, I suppose, and not aspire to any thing beyond."

Mrs. Sinclair drew a doleful long sigh, almost followed by a shower of tears; for although she thought her conclusions were logical enough, there was a strange perversity of disinclination to submission.

"No, no, Hattie, we'll not yield the point so easily. Why not take the evening? You have a marvelous talent for early tucking the little creatures out of sight—really persuading them to be sleepy. That is the very thing, for we are not often interrupted by visitors," and Mr. Sin-

clair looked highly pleased that he had hit upon so felicitous a plan. Alas, alas! he was n't wise in that suggestion. What wife—I mean wife in the true, noble, devoted, perhaps old-fogyish sense of the term—what wife, with heart bounding toward the evening hour with its gown and slippers, so suggestive of affection and preference, with its easy chair and books, its drawn curtains and glowing grate, and—*quiet*—what wife would not have looked just as this wife looked, with her face all full of surprise, through which flashed unmistakable indignation? True, the devotee of concerts, balls, or parties would never think of associating pleasure with such circumstances. To sit whole evenings with only one's husband! what stupidity unendurable! But any wife like Hattie Sinclair would have looked probably just as Hattie did look, as she replied quite emphatically: "I anticipate the evening as a time for agreeable conversation with my husband. But if you value my society so little after the absence of the day and are willing I should spend that time in reading, very well. I'll commence at once with a course of history," and Hattie looked quite heroic, with head uplifted and eye flashing such gigantic resolutions.

Mr. Sinclair laughed outright. "What strange little beings some ladies are! Incomprehensible anomalies! Ten minutes ago I felt myself quite obnoxious to you, and now you look like injured innocence or something equally pitiful. What an unpardonable fault that I should on the one hand be willing to sacrifice the evening for your mental improvement, and on the other should even think that you would be willing to take the evening from me! What silly creatures girls are to marry the minute they are out of school!"

"Nonsense, nonsense; hush, please!" and the wife's hand passed playfully over the speaking lips to smother back the words, and picking up a battle-door challenged her husband to a game, during which all ill humor and clouds were soon dissipated.

That evening, as Mr. Sinclair was looking over some documents in his library, intending to descend to the parlor as soon as he thought his wife was liberated from her nursery, the door quietly opened. Hattie entered, and as quietly walked to the shelf, where glittered in gold letters and substantial bindings a series of historical works.

"Now," said she, playfully shaking her head at her husband, "you see I intend executing my threat. *I am determined* to spend three hours daily in reading, and if the day passes without affording the time, why, 'there's the evening, that's the very thing.'"

"Bravo, bravo, my energetic wife; but let me

read you something first." Mr. Sinclair took down a book, and, drawing Hattie to his side, translated a few lines. Gold was created by one touch of the mythical Midas. Who can compute the power of a *single word*? What all-transforming influence may lie within it! Acted upon, it may excite the fiendish passions of hell itself, or acted upon, it may disrobe earth of gloom and fling over it the light of beauty and joy. "Death" from the lips of the Girondist Vergniaud sealed the doom of Louis XIV and placed the balance of power in the hands of the Jacobins. Every-day existence may move slowly along in dull routine, and one word fraught with power may change the destiny of a life, and changing life alter the destiny of eternity. "Kata Dunamin" fell from the lips of the wise Socrates into the ear of Hattie Sinclair and produced a revolution. Unobtrusive, quiet, unimportant, and unknown to the great world around her, yet within the compass of her own being she experienced the installation of a new principle.

"Kata Dunamin, Kata Dunamin, *according to your power*," she repeated again and again, and from that day seriously and persistently sought to incorporate the spirit of the motto with every duty of every-day life.

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"Do you not think so, Mrs. Warton?"

"I do not know. Perhaps so. I look over the papers every morning for the news, and then by the time my toilet is completed I either shop, or make, or receive calls. My siesta after dinner, and evening company, engross the rest of the day, so that I can not read much."

"Noble mode of spending one's life," thought Mr. Gilmore as he turned to another lady.

"What say you, Mrs. Cooper? Will you not agree with me that ladies might find more time for mental cultivation?"

"I can only 'say,' Mr. Gilmore, from my own experience. When I married I looked upon my husband's library, which was extensive and well selected, with perfect delight, for I had always been fond of reading, and now with greater facilities I anticipated great acquisitions, but in the course of years so many little tongues learned to call me mamma that I gradually yielded to my hinderances, gave up in despair, and now I candidly confess I scarcely read half a dozen books in a year, perhaps not that many. Really I do not see how ladies, especially mothers, can read a great deal, much less use their pen, if they attend faithfully to their homes in all their departments."

"Mr. Gilmore, you have started an interesting subject," remarked a gentleman approaching. I may remark that a few friends were spending an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair. "Suppose,"

continued he, "we institute a general discussion or sit as a corps of inquisitors and ascertain why these ladies in particular, and all ladies generally, give up their accomplishments and fail to cultivate their minds to the extent ambitious papas and proud-of-my-wife husbands desire."

"O, let me give you one, if not *the* reason, to begin with!" exclaimed a vivacious lady, starting up and clapping her hands in her enthusiasm. "Gentlemen generally have such a keen and sensible appreciation of a 'good table,' that what lady can be so unkindly selfish as to prefer intellectual food for herself when her husband, after luxuriating his day among his books, no matter whether theological, medical, literary, or mercantile, for any thing in the shape of a book has an elevating influence, when he would prefer to dine on well-dressed ducks and rich puddings! Now, ours is a professedly-democratic country, servants lamentably incompetent, and I forthwith make the astute declaration, that cooks can not be blue stockings. At any rate, I hate these highly-intellectual ones," added the lady, tossing her pretty little head contemptuously, "do n't you, cousin Thomas?"

"Well, a real out-and-out blue stocking is n't altogether the thing," replied cousin Thomas waggishly; "but then a cultivated, noble, intellectual"—

"Intellectual nonsense, brother," interrupted Mrs. Pomeroy. "I do not believe you ever saw a decidedly-intellectual lady who made a good housekeeper. Remember Mrs. —, of whose charming intellectuality we heard so much. You were fascinated, and so was I, with her conversational powers. When I saw she was familiar with Greek and Latin authors, and Hebrew too, I dare say I shrunk within the capacious folds of my own ignorance, and in simplicity fell to moralizing upon the wickedness of not storing the mind with all lore. But I afterward dined with a large company at the house, and O what dishes! They were absolutely dowdy. It was plain to be seen that intellectual proclivities had superseded what I should have called sweet domestic comfort. Of course she might have employed a regular housekeeper, but some way these excessively-intellectual ones apparently think it neither necessary nor desirable to render home attractive. Great exceptions—as Madame Roland, for instance—there are, doubtless."

"Had Mrs. — children?"

"O yes, several, and they corresponded with the mother and her table. Dressed like frights—perfectly destitute of taste, and exhibited, I thought, a lack of all discipline. During my observations and wonderings whether it was really compatible for so-called 'intellectual ladies' to

make good mothers and housekeepers, the coruscations of Mrs. —'s wit and learning were flashing most brilliantly, charming the gentlemen, who, I venture to say, were wishing their wives possessed such superior talents. No! It is well enough for rich old maids to be intellectual and literary, but wives and mothers! their business is to make home sunny, and joyous, and orderly, and if that is secured I fancy there will not be much time left for erudition, much less scribbling poetry, essays, stories, etc."

"Pretty well adduced, Mrs. Pomeroy. Still, I am not altogether convinced of the correctness of your position, though I confess verging reasonably fast toward it. But," continued Mr. Gilmore, "Mrs. Sinclair must place a link in the chain of argument. She has as many of these all-time-engrossing little ones as any lady present. Your husband, Mrs. Sinclair, of course he is exacting—all husbands are—and you must have the most perfect domestic arrangements. Mrs. Gilmore considers you an oracle of wisdom in the management of inefficient servants. Now add all this to the well-defined impression that you are becoming quite literary in your pursuits, I am fearful indeed, even what some of these ladies so heartily despise—of the deepest dye too—O spirit of Hannah More, be not insulted!—all this, I say, makes your opinion of invaluable importance." And Mr. Gilmore bowed most grandiloquently.

"O spirit of Lord Chesterfield, hast thou returned to earth to appear before us in the person of this thy disciple!" imitated Mrs. Sinclair with a mischievous glance around. "Unfortunately, Mr. Gilmore, your compliments are quite undeserved, for, being a wife, and mother, and mistress of a house, I of course experience all the difficulties the ladies have urged."

"Is it possible? I thought you were a great reader," exclaimed two or three voices simultaneously.

"By no means," replied Mrs. Sinclair, smiling and glancing at her husband, who smiled in return. "It is very seldom I read more than an hour or two during the day, and frequently not half that time."

"How, then, do you accomplish the perusal of so many books?" inquired Mrs. Cooper, an especially-intimate friend.

"Merely by *doing what I can*," replied our "sensitive, inflammable" Hattie, with a quiet air. "I learned, some years ago, that it was the only way for me to accomplish any thing toward mental improvement. Formerly I permitted myself to be so entirely engrossed with other duties—my time seemed so divided that I never found the hours I deemed necessary for the cul-

ture of my mind. I was always wishing and always hoping for something better, and looking forward to the period when I could command my whole time; but year after year rolled away and witnessed no change. I confess I greatly chafed under the restraints of domestic duty, and, to tell the truth, felt often indignant because I could not read *ad libitum*, instead of performing a multitude of *little things* that you all know, ladies, daily crowd upon us. Finally I gave up in despair of ever having uninterrupted hours, and contented myself in gathering up *minutes*, once so despised; and a day rarely passes during which I can not find some time, and it is really a matter of surprise how a little systematic reading tends to remove the weariness of a mother's duties."

"Good, good," exclaimed Mr. Gilmore, rubbing his hands together with evident satisfaction, though putting to defiance all rules of Chesterfield grace. "You have confirmed me in my opinion, Mrs. Sinclair. The added link has broken the chain. If ladies only *will* they can secure some time for mental culture."

"Who would think that this room had been nicely put in order but an hour ago!" exclaimed Mrs. Cooper, as she took her seat in her nursery and drew wearily toward her a large work-basket heaped with fresh clothes from the laundry. The floor was already strewn with the rejected playthings of three sturdy urchins, one of whom was making a vigorous effort to stuff the mouth of their patient horse full of grass—more effectually strewing the carpet. Another had slyly slipped from its place his mamma's tooth-brush, and, with a somewhat pricking conscience, was using it for a curry-comb; and the third, disdaining the groveling tastes of his brothers, had, with more aspiring genius, in some mysterious manner gained the top of a low wardrobe, and, with impassioned elocution and stentorian voice, was declaiming Yankee Doodle dandy, interspersing the waving of a flag and anon shouting with patriotic zeal, "Down with the traitors and sustain the glory of our great republic." Mrs. Cooper glanced around, and although somewhat amused with the exhibition, as her eye fell upon her basket and she thought of three older children who, in a few hours, released from school, would come bounding, and bouncing, and tumbling into the room, not unlikely with a torn dress or freshly-soiled jacket, she ejaculated with a half-sad, half-impatient expression, "Read! write! with such a family! Impossible; and yet—and yet!"

A gentle tap at the door and Mrs. Sinclair entered. "Why, Emilie," said she, kissing her

friend affectionately, "what makes you look so sad?"

"I feel sad. I can not help thinking of our last night's conversation."

"Mr. Gilmore's ridiculous compliments?"

"No. But I have so many children and so many duties continually pressing me, that my mind is not improving as it should; indeed, retrograding. By the time Ada passes through her course of study at the college, where I myself graduated, I shall feel quite inferior. Just think of feeling inferior to my own daughter! It's dreadful. I am heartily, thoroughly dissatisfied—dissatisfied with self, circumstances, every body, and every thing. I'm tired to death of this eternal routine of darning," and Mrs. Cooper pointed impatiently to the "big holes" that busy little feet had run right through bran new stockings. "Yes, I am tired of forever sewing"—here Mrs. Cooper gave an unconscious hack of a cough, noticed by her friend, however. "Mr. Cooper can not comprehend why, with three servants, I should ever sew; but if one of the children has the least tear in its apron or dress he thinks it dreadful."

"Still, he does not wish you to do any thing."

"No! O no! There never was a more indulgent husband, but I know with the family we have, and the company we entertain, and the servants we must necessarily employ, I must practice some economy, and it costs an enormous sum to put out even a part of my sewing. Just think, six children, Mr. Cooper, and myself! I absolutely hate all these things. This constant supervision of household matters, is n't it disagreeable?"

"Certainly it is not always very pleasant, but how faithfully you attend to them!" said Hattie.

"Yes, my conscience will not let me, nor do I wish to neglect my duty, but I hate to thus spend all my time."

"Do you think that is your duty?" timidly inquired Hattie.

"Perhaps not. Indeed, to tell the truth, my conscience is quite convicted"—

"Duty, duty, duty! You are always talking about duty, cousin Em," and a pretty girl of eighteen or twenty glided through the open door, and saucily snatching up Emilie's needle-book and thimble thrust them into her pocket. "There, coz, you're not going to sew a stitch to-day. Good morning, Mrs. Sinclair. But I perceive you ladies are in coss tete-a-tete, and having exonerated cousin Em's conscience from the duty of sewing—quite a charitable act, by the way—I'll not intrude," and the lovely girl was about passing out again, but paused in the hall as she heard Mrs. Cooper remark:

"You know, Hattie, that Lyda graduated a year ago. Well, I've been trying in vain to induce her to continue systematic study, or at least reading and composition; but freed from school restraints, and enjoying only the present, she fritters away her time I think most foolishly."

"Why, coz, how can you say so!" and Lyda, half pouting, returned to the door. "Do n't I practice every day and recite a French lesson twice a week? I think that is doing admirably, considering I have n't recovered from the fatigue of keeping school rules and walking through our collegiate course. Dear, dear, I'm glad it is done, if I can't say it is 'well done.' I mean now to enjoy life. Wait till I attain your age, cousin Em, and settled down, then I'll be as systematic"—

"As you can be without a disciplined mind. You remember how Marie Antoinette lamented, when her misfortunes enshrouded her, the want of a disciplined and truly-cultivated mind?"

"But I'm not a queen, and do n't expect to drag out weary days in a dungeon."

"Do you never think, Lyda dear, how our capacities dwindle and become indeed lost by disuse?"

"I never think much about my capacities, Mrs. Sinclair," replied Lyda laughingly, "unless it is my capacity for enjoying the present and pushing disagreeables from sight, which is quite philosophical, you know, at any rate amiable. After all, if a person has not an all-conquering love for study, I do not see much use in trying to force the matter, and strain after intellectuality and all that sort of thing," and the giddy, frolicsome girl danced out of the room.

"Just what we were," said Mrs. Cooper, looking after her retreating figure. "I wish she would profit by my experience, and form now the habit of stern mental discipline."

"Why, dear Emilie, you speak as if it were too late to regain your former habits of study. You surely forget what a good student you were when we were together at school."

"Well, how do you do?"

"Just what I said last night, though after Mr. Gilmore's ridiculous compliments I felt foolish enough to go into particulars. However, there is some truth in what he said. I know from my own experience, for two or three years ago I adopted a motto from Socrates, 'Kata Dunamin,' and by assiduously making an effort, despite house, children, servants, and 'big holes,' according to my power and no more, I soon found myself elucidating a principle, and now there is really no trouble in finding time for reading and scribbling, too, a little."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Cooper, thoughtfully.

"Well, I used to think I could only be satisfied with 'excelsior' for my motto, but after all I believe there is more true dignity in that of Kata Dunamin."

—○○○—
IN THE VALLEY.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

ALL day in the valley;
The clover is red,
The silver-white birches
Bend over my head.
There 's breath of sweet brier;
There 's humming of bees;
The warble of water,
The talk of the trees.
There are birds in the birches,
That sing, out of sight—
Through the low-drooping branches
Drop arrows of light.
And I love the sweet valley—
Its coolness and calm;
I grow glad in its riches
Of beauty and balm.
Above me the mountains
Tower stately and clear,
The gush of their fountains
Is greeting me here.
I look to the summits
Where suns always shine,
To the haunts that are higher
And grander than mine.
And I think, as I look,
Of the rapture and rhyme,
Of a life on the heights
Where I never can climb;
Where the air's freshest currents
Eternally flow,
And landscapes and oceans
Lie spreading below.
I think of the pathways
So breezy and free,
Leading off to the lands
That I never shall see;
Of the blossoms that never
Can gladden my sight;
The roses that ripen
In riches of light.
What censers of fragrance;
What treasures of dew;
What grandeurs of music;
What splendors of hue;
What glory of vision,
Uncoloured and high;
So far from the valley,
So near to the sky!
So I look to the mountains,
But linger not long;
I am low in the valley
Of shadow and song.

The brown bees are humming.
The clover is bright—
Through the green leaves are falling
The arrows of light.

Sitting thus in the shelter,
The birds singing near,
I thank God for the beauty
That blesses me here.

I look toward the summits
Where bright bows are bent,
But I stay in the valley
With more than content.

—○○○—
OUT IN THE ORCHARD.

BY NELLIE BURCHFIELD.

OUT in the orchard the trees are a-bloom,
Apple, and cherry, and plum,
Breathing rich promise of golden fruit,
In the days of the Autumn to come;
All around is the music of singing birds,
And the honey-bee's drowsy hum.

Out in the orchard the blossoms fall,
Flutter and fall below;
They whiten earth's vesture of dewy green
Like a shower of scented snow;
And the great limbs shake as in sudden fear,
Whenever the west winds blow.

Out in the orchard the bobolink swings
On the top of the highest tree;
Little cares he for the shaking bough,
That makes me dizzy to see,
But swings, and whistles, and nods his head—
A very coquette is he.

Out in the orchard the robin builds,
And shelters her callow brood,
I hear from my window the clamorous call
Of the fledgling young for food;
And how sweet the crab-tree blossoms are
That grow in the edge of the wood!

Out in the orchard I mark the tint
Of the lingering sunset's beam;
His pathway is traced with beauty above,
And mirrored below in the stream;
I can fancy the gates of heaven ajar,
And catch of its glories a gleam.

Out in the orchard I sit and dream,
Sweet visions before me arise;
I see a fair land where sorrow is not,
Where severed and broken ties
Are united forever, and God's own hand
Shall wipe away tears from our eyes.

And though sorrow and grief abide with me,
And go with me where I go,
In the beautiful gardens of Paradise,
It is pleasant to me to know
That one in those shining, cherub bands,
Was mine on the earth below.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

THE little folks of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota, are accustomed to hear of "the West," not only as a section of country watered by the Ohio and Upper Mississippi Rivers, but embracing territories which extend far beyond the Mississippi, over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. If they will look at their maps and trace the courses of the Ohio, and Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers, and the Rocky Mountains, they will learn the boundaries of the great West. It may be described as all that section of country lying below the Lakes, above the Ohio, and west of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, including the States of Kentucky and Michigan. Sections of this vast region may be designated as the North-West and the Far West—the North-West, below the Lakes, between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, including Michigan; and the Far West all that wide, wild country west of the Mississippi and north of a line running to the Pacific Ocean from the mouth of the Ohio River. The country south of this line, between the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, should be called the South-West.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the West was an unbroken wilderness. Forests, in their natural wildness, covered all the hills and shaded all the valleys. No footstep, by a white man, had ever been planted on its soil. Its inhabitants were Indians and wild beasts. The buffalo, the bear, the panther, and the wolf disputed with the red man the darkest thickets, and the fox, rabbit, and squirrel hunted their food unmolested, except when the Indian wished some ornaments to his robe of buffalo or bear-skin. Herds of deer, grazing on rich pastures, had never been startled by the sharp report of a rifle, and beavers in their dams were only molested when the Indian required their warm fur to protect him from cold. The birds of the woods, from the little wren to the broad-tailed pheasant, had no enemy but the hawk and the eagle, or the fox; and the fish of the streams and lakes were rarely disturbed, unless the Indian had failed with his bow and arrow to secure sufficient food for his immediate wants.

White men from France had built cabins in Canada above the Lakes of the West, and the Indians, whom they endeavored to instruct in the ways of the white man's life, told them that toward the setting sun was a rich country abounding in game, and of pleasanter climate,

where many red men wandered, who often made war against and destroyed each other.

Among the settlers in Canada were good men, who grieved at what they considered the miserable life of the Indians, and with noble purpose, at the risk of suffering and toil, and violent death, some of them determined to go among the savages, whose wigwams were toward sunset, and teach the Gospel of the Bible.

In the year 1616 adventurous men explored or made themselves acquainted with the country through which several Canadian streams run that empty into Lake Huron, but there was not even a station for missionaries upon the borders of that Lake till the year 1668. Three years later missionaries visited Indians in the northern part of what is now the State of Michigan; and in 1673 they had ventured to go among the red men who roamed through what is now the State of Wisconsin. In six years from that time prayers were said and hymns were sung on the shores of Lake Erie; but not till 1682 did any men, who were actuated by mere business motives, associated with curiosity, explore the paths which missionaries had made in Michigan and Wisconsin.

The exciting reports which the missionaries, who returned from the West to Canada, gave of the richness and beauty of the country they had visited, led enterprising men to prepare to follow the water-courses which led south from the cold climate in which they lived. One party reached the Mississippi River and floated on its current to the Gulf of Mexico. Other parties were satisfied with journeys which ended on streams that flow through what is now the State of Illinois, and settlements were made before 1685 at different points in that State. Kaskaskia and Cahokia, in Illinois, are the oldest towns of the Mississippi Valley.

The missionaries, who had opened the way for settlements in the West, suffered what language can not now fully describe. The Indians were jealous of their movements, and often persecuted them. During thirteen years, from 1673, sixty Catholic priests wandered in the wilderness and along the streams of the North-West, and often the Indians not only refused to listen to their teachings, but endeavored to drive them from their hunting-grounds and deter others from following them by compelling the poor men to run for their lives through a double line of warriors, who struck them with stones, and arrows, and clubs as they passed. A number of the missionaries were tortured to death, and many walked barefooted over rough paths and through thickets of briars; some starved and some were frozen to death.

The Indians whom these missionaries endeavored to teach were called the Iroquois, the Illinois, the Eries, the Shawnees, the Ottowas, and the Wyandotts. The latter were their friends. Among their enemies the bitterest were the Iroquois, who formed a large tribe.

In 1701 the French of Canada made a treaty of peace with the Indians, and then they considered themselves entitled to exclusive privilege for white men in the North-West. They called the country they claimed New France. A settlement was made at Detroit, and settlements were added to those which had previously been started farther south.

As early as 1720 a profitable trade existed between the French of Canada and those who had settled in Illinois and on the Mississippi; but neither the traders nor missionaries had correct knowledge of the extent or influence of the Ohio River. By many it had been supposed to be a branch or tributary of the Wabash River; and though in 1735 they opened ways through the wilderness from point to point, and established little settlements under authority of their king in France in Western Pennsylvania, they did not learn the true course of the Ohio nor understand its character till 1749.

The movements of the French from Canada were known to the people from England, who had settled from the Atlantic sea-coast in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and they determined to check French influence among the Indians, and prevent any more French settlements in the Ohio Valley.

The first movement toward the settlement of Ohio and Indiana was made a little more than one hundred years ago. The forests were very dense, the streams were large, and the Shawnee, and Erie, and Miami, and Huron, and Seneca Indians were jealous of the white men, who had begun to behave toward them as if they designed to take away, at least, a portion of their hunting grounds.

White settlers from England, in New York, and Pennsylvania, and Virginia, were pushing their hunting and trading paths beyond the Alleghanies and over the Ohio toward Lake Erie. The French were watchful, and to make good their claim to lands which were occupied by Indians with whom they were at peace, the Governor-General of Canada sent men into the West, who, at several important posts, buried leaden plates, on which the arms, or seal, of the Government of France were engraved. These agents warned English traders out of the country whenever they could hear of them. The plates were buried as a formal declaration of the claims of the French to the country which, as was stated,

they called New France. In 1750 and 1751 a French exploring party traveled from Lake Erie to the Ohio, and left traders at different points. In that year a fort was built at Sandusky, Ohio, and another at Fort Wayne, now in Indiana.

The English were not idle. The Government of Pennsylvania had sent out a man named George Crogham to distribute goods among the Indians on the Ohio and Miami Rivers, and it had held conferences or meetings for peace with Indians who went from the West over the Alleghany Mountains to learn what were the designs of the pale faces, as they called the English.

In the year 1748 thirteen Virginians were permitted, by the Government of Virginia, to form a company, which asked for a grant or gift of land. It was called the "Ohio Company." Two of its members were Lawrence and Augustine, brothers of George Washington. Virginia claimed a wide region of country west of the Ohio River, and it gave the Ohio Company half a million of acres of land. Two hundred thousand acres of this land were to be located without delay. It was agreed that this portion should be chosen principally in the section of country which was bounded westward from Virginia by the Ohio; but when the Company employed a surveyor to explore the Ohio Valley, he was instructed to bring back accounts of lands farther west. The name of the surveyor, whom the Ohio Company employed, was Christopher Gist. He began his journey of discovery in the Fall of 1750, and crossed the Alleghany River above Pittsburg. He then continued his way westward till he reached a stream which the Indians called Elk Eye. It is now known as the Tuscarawas River. He was then in what is at the present time Stark county, Ohio. Gist met Indians who were in the French interest, but was not harmed by them, and on the 14th of December he reached a Wyandott village, where he found Crogham at the head of a trading party of Englishmen from Pennsylvania. Crogham, with another white man and a half-breed Indian named Andrew Montour, consented to accompany the agent of the Virginians and assist him in making peace for the English with the Indians.

With his companions Gist crossed the country between the Muskingum and Licking and Hocking Rivers in a south-westerly direction, till he reached the Scioto River, which he descended to the Ohio. Wherever he could he had talks with the Indians, through Montour, who was his interpreter. He told them that the English were their true friends, and to convince them that what he said was true, gave them presents and invited them to visit their father—as he called

the Governor of Virginia—who would give them richer presents. The Indians were divided in their friendship. Some were disposed to favor the English, others would not desert the French, whom they had first known.

Gist returned to North Carolina in the Spring of 1751, but Crogham went back among the Miami chiefs where Gist had found him. In 1752 a few English traders attempted a settlement on the Great Miami River, but a party of French soldiers attacked them, destroyed their trading-house, took them prisoners, and marched them into Canada. A few months after this event Gist, who had been exploring lands south of the Ohio with three Virginia commissioners, met a delegation of Indians on the Ohio River, fourteen miles below Pittsburg. It was then agreed that the Ohio Company should not be disturbed, if it made a settlement south-east of the Ohio.

While the English were thus endeavoring to persuade the Indians not to give them trouble in the settlements they prepared to make, the French manifested a determination to resist any decided movement which the English should undertake between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. They built forts where Vincennes, Indiana, now stands, and also near the present site of Pittsburg, as well as two or three other points of less importance. They engaged the Wyandott and Ottawa Indians in active opposition to the English, and prevented the Miamis and Shawnees from being their protectors. Many English traders were killed and a number of trading-posts broken up. George Washington, then a Colonel in the English army, in command of six hundred men from Virginia and Pennsylvania, was sent to the Ohio frontier to protect the English interest. He had several skirmishes with French troops. On the 9th of July, 1755, General Braddock, in the command of an army of English soldiers and a few Virginians, was signally defeated by the French and Indians in a regular battle near Fort Du Quesne, in Pennsylvania.

There was now open war between the English and French in the West, and in May, 1756, war was declared between England and France. The English gained no decided advantage in the West till 1758, when they drove the French from Western Pennsylvania. All the French posts in the Ohio Valley were soon after abandoned, and the English then contended for Canada. It was conquered on the 8th of September, 1760, and the English were then masters of all the West.

The soldiers who drove the French away were subjects of the King of England; they were responsible to his laws and could claim the protection of his Government. They had been sent by him across the ocean to America to protect from

Indians or other enemies the English people, who had come to New England, and Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Many families had left their homes in England because they could not worship God as they pleased, without offending the King; others were led by curiosity to see a new country; and others were ambitious to get very rich in a very short time. These people, who first settled on the Atlantic sea-coast and explored or traveled over to examine the country westward, were called colonists. These were the New England colonies, the Pennsylvania colony, and the Virginia colony. Over each colony the King of England sent a Governor to rule. He required the people to obey such laws as the King sent him.

About a hundred years after the time, when the English colonies had become masters of the North-West, the King of England asked them to obey some laws which they thought too severe, or oppressive. They sent him back word that unless he excused them from obedience they would not obey any of his laws any longer, but that they would make their own laws. The King was angry, and he prepared large ships and sent them over to America full of soldiers, who were instructed to compel the colonists to obey him. The American people determined that they would drive the King's soldiers out of their colonies. A war was commenced. George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief, or first General of the American soldiers. He led the American army against the King's generals for several years. That was the war for independence—the Revolutionary war—Revolutionary, because the people turned their Government from the King of England to themselves. It was the 4th of July, 1776, when the colonists determined to fight the King's soldiers; that is, declared their independence.

In 1774 the King of England had published a law in which it was declared that all of the land lying between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie was annexed to, and made a part of the province of Quebec, or Canada. When by the war of seven years the King was convinced that he could no longer govern the American colonies, he consented to relinquish this claim to the North-West, in a treaty of peace between the English Government and the colonies, which was signed at Paris, in France, November 30, 1782.

The colonists had chosen George Washington as their President, and had elected men to represent them, or take care of their interests in Congress—just as the people of the States do now—and one of the first questions which these Congressmen were called upon to settle was, what

should be done with the great region of country west of the Ohio River, which the King of England had given up.

Virginia claimed that by grant from England she owned a large portion of the disputed territory, and Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and New York made other claims, while the States which had never received grants from England contended that the land in dispute should belong to all, and be disposed of by Congress for the formation of new States. This plan, after much dispute, was agreed upon. In the year 1788 a law was published, in which the land in dispute was described as the North-Western Territory. Its boundaries were fixed by the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Lakes. Arthur St. Clair was appointed its first Governor, and on the 15th of July, 1788, he was formally welcomed at Marietta—on the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Muskingum—by a party of men from New England, who, encouraged by Congress, on the 7th of April previous, had made a settlement at that point. Marietta, now in the State of Ohio, county of Washington, was consequently the first seat of government for the North-Western Territory. Our young readers understand a Territory in America to be, a district of country subject to Congress, over which the President, with consent of the United States Senate, appoints officers.

When Congress organized the North-West Territory by a law or ordinance in 1787, it was agreed that no involuntary servitude, that is, labor contrary to his wish by one man for another—such slavery as the black men of the South are under to the whites—should ever be permitted in any of the States that might be formed within it. A State could be formed by the people whenever within limits which Congress designated there should be 60,000 inhabitants. When there were 5,000 males twenty-one years of age in the Territory, they were allowed to have a Legislative Council and elect a delegate to Congress. Congress had declared that there should not be less than three nor more than five States organized in the north-west.

Immediately after the settlement at Marietta, and the formal inauguration of the Territorial government under Arthur St. Clair, on the 7th of April, 1788, arrangements were made by several enterprising men to establish colonies in other parts of the Territory. Governor St. Clair published an address to the people, or, in usual language, a proclamation, by which the county of Washington was established. It then extended westward to the Scioto River and northward to Lake Erie, embracing about one-half of what is now the State of Ohio. In the Fall of

the year 1788 John Cleves Symmes, on behalf of a company which he represented, purchased from the United States Government a large tract of land situated between the Great and Little Miami Rivers. The first settlement within this tract, and the second in Ohio, was commenced in November of 1788, at Columbia, a short distance below where the Little Miami River empties into the Ohio, and about five miles above what is now the city of Cincinnati.

In 1791, under the direction of Americans, a settlement of French people was made at what is now called Gallipolis, on the Ohio River.

Governor St. Clair held a council with influential Indian chiefs, and they promised him that their warriors should not attack the people of the white settlements; but the Indians did not keep the promises which their chiefs made, and the pioneers were obliged to build strong houses to protect their families from the red men. A fort, or strong house, from which cannon could be fired, was built on the bank of the Muskingum River opposite Marietta. It was called Fort Harmar, after the General whom the United States Government had appointed to command the soldiers in the Territory.

In the Summer of 1789 a fort was built within the present limits of Cincinnati. It was called Fort Washington. General Harmar took the command of that fort, and in September, 1790, marched from it with thirteen hundred soldiers into the north-western part of the Territory. He found Indian villages near what is now Fort Wayne, in Indiana, and burned several of them, but the Indians attacked a company of his soldiers under Colonel Hardin and killed nearly two hundred of them. General Harmar was obliged to return to Fort Washington. The Indians were more impudent than they had been, and Governor St. Clair collected a new army. It consisted of two thousand, three hundred soldiers. With this army he marched toward the Indian towns on the Maumee River. Part of his soldiers ran away from him, and on the 3d of November, 1791, when he had reached what is now the western side of Mercer and Darke counties, the remaining soldiers were attacked by a large body of Indians, and more than six hundred whites were killed. Governor St. Clair's army was totally defeated. The Indians grew bold. Outrages on the whites were frequent. The people of the Territory blamed Governor St. Clair, and he became unpopular. They said that if he had been a good general the Indians would not have whipped his army. George Washington, who was then President of the United States, determined to punish the Indians, and he gave General Anthony Wayne, an officer who had dis-

tinguished himself in the Revolutionary war, power to collect an army. It assembled at Greenville, now the county town of Darke county, Ohio, in the Spring of 1794. Wayne commanded about two thousand soldiers. The Indians had assembled all their warriors, two thousand or more, on the Maumee River. General Wayne's army attacked them on the 20th of August, 1794, and whipped them as severely as they had whipped Governor St. Clair's army.

Under President Washington's direction forts were erected in different parts of the North-West, and the Indians were so much alarmed by the power which the white soldiers gained over them whenever a battle was fought, that they consented to hold a council of peace. General Wayne met the chiefs of eleven tribes at Greenville, and they promised, or entered into a written treaty, not to attack the whites, to allow them to make settlements, and never sell lands to any Government but that of the United States.

While the Indian war was continued but few settlements had been made, and only one new county was organized. In 1790 Governor St. Clair had established the county of Hamilton. It included all the tract of country between the two Miami Rivers, and extended northward from the Ohio River nearly to what is now the center of Greene and Montgomery counties.

The settlement on the Ohio at Fort Washington was first called Losantiville, but its name had been changed to Cincinnati.

In the year 1790 there was no fixed place of meeting for the officers of the Territory—in other words, no acknowledged seat of government. In 1795 a convention was held at Cincinnati to revise the laws of the Territory, and it was agreed that at Cincinnati and Marietta the General Court should be held.

The influence of General Wayne's victory over the Indians, on the Maumee River, and the settlement of laws for the government of the people, had so good an effect upon the quiet and prosperity of the Territory that emigrants were attracted to it from all parts of the Eastern States. Cabins and farms became numerous in the Miami Valleys, populous settlements were made along Lake Erie, and near what is now Detroit, Michigan.

In 1796 a new county was established. It included all the north-western part of Ohio, the whole of what is now the State of Michigan, and a large tract in the north-eastern part of Indiana. This new county was called Wayne. The North-West Territory had then three counties, comprising a territory nearly twice as large as that now embraced within the limits of Ohio. In 1797 Adams county was formed. It extended on both

sides of the Scioto River to Washington and Hamilton counties, from the Ohio to Wayne county. When the year 1798 closed the North-West Territory had a population of five thousand men who were competent to vote, and in it were eight organized counties.

The law of Congress which organized this Territory, declared that when there were five thousand voters within its borders it should have a Territorial Legislature. The people were not unmindful of their privileges, and on the 24th of September, 1799, the first Territorial Legislature met. William Henry Harrison was then Secretary of the Territory, and he was elected by the Legislature as delegate to Congress.

In the same year of this Territorial Legislature, Congress divided the Territory into two governments, eastern and western, and the seat of the eastern government was fixed at Chillicothe. From that time till April, 1802, Congress granted no act of great importance to the Territory. Then, in obedience to the wish of the people, it authorized the holding of a convention to organize the State of Ohio. The convention met at Chillicothe on the first day of November, 1802, and on the 29th day of that month had agreed upon a Constitution; that is, had arranged and declared the principles which should direct the people in the selection of officers, in making laws, and in support of Churches and schools. Ohio was then one of the United States. The first Legislature met at Chillicothe on the first day of March, 1803.

Some account of the progress which, in point of wealth and population, has made Ohio the third State of the American Union, may be given in a subsequent sketch.

WHERE TO PLANT THE HEART'S ROOTS.

If you plant a grape-vine somewhere near a well, its roots will strike down, and then strike out, till at last they reach the well; and the roots and tendrils beneath the earth circle round the well, and embrace it in their affectionate folds, and draw refreshment from the spring of water which they have thus clasped in their embrace; you will discover, not by removing the earth and tracing the roots of the vine, but by the exquisitely green leaf, the rich blossom, the fragrant and beautiful grape, that its roots are by a spring of water; and refreshed there, in secret and in silence, it brings forth much fruit. We want the heart's roots and affections brought near to that fountain of life where alone they can be refreshed, from which alone they will draw health, and to which they were meant originally to cling.

OUR LESSONS.

BY MRS. N. S. AVERILL.

LIFE seems at times a great and mournful mystery. Ushered into life by no act or will of his own, man finds himself by his very nature more prone to evil than to good. He encounters temptations which possess a strange power over him; he yields, and experiences the bitterness of sin; he resists, and finds himself involved in a life-long struggle. He joins the moving tide in hot pursuit of the glittering prizes of wealth and fame. He finds himself beset with difficulties and dangers, subjected to dire disease and excruciating pains; and if he gains the objects for which he has toiled and suffered, he is disappointed, because not satisfied. His uneasy spirit is not appeased and will not rest. He grasps the bewildering cup of Pleasure, drinks deeply and madly, but soon the bitter dregs mingle in his eager draught, and, disgusted, he flings the deceptive chalice from his lips. He finds hope a phantom, friendship a dream, love a shadow, and, cursing life, he dies, to be remembered no more. While the multitudes thus live and thus die, the few only choose a better way. Life seems a dark and gloomy mystery; but there is a brighter view of life—brighter and more beautiful because illumined by eternal Love. The Almighty has placed man here to receive his education for a higher existence. Why He has done this, or why all do not accept and profit by this intention, is not his to ask, but humbly to acknowledge that this is His will, and to inquire what are his lessons and how shall he learn them.

That there is a God is man's first lesson; and here Jehovah himself deigns to become his teacher. He places in his hand the ponderous volume of creation, and bids him study Nature in all her forms. Attracted by a delightful odor, he opens first the floral pages. As he studies he perceives the wondrous combinations of color, form, and fragrance forming a beauteous whole, displaying design, contrivance, skill, wisdom, and harmony, as complete in the minutest fern or lichen as in the queenly rose or gorgeous cactus.

He turns the leaves and studies further. And now the pages glitter with starry wonders. Giving to imagination her widest bounds, he follows her flight from one glorious orb through a still more glorious system of orbs, on, on, higher and higher, ever unfolding new and exhaustless treasures of wisdom, and power, and majesty, till, weary with effort and overcome with emotions of wonder and delight, he humbly acknowledges that there must of necessity be a First Cause for all these grand effects.

Another page bids him "know himself." He finds that he is himself a complete and wonderful exhibition of the most consummate skill, the most unerring wisdom, and the most perfect benevolence. He is fearfully and wonderfully made, and, softened by these revelations, he acknowledges the Artificer and Benefactor, and as page after page add fresh proofs and unmistakable evidence, his lesson is learned, for he knows there is a God—a holy, wise, beneficent Being, and that all these are but

"The vail in which he wraps his majesty,
And through whose mantling folds he deigns to show
Of his mysterious, awful attributes
And dazzling splendors, all man's feeble thought
Can grasp, uncrushed, or vision bear, unquenched."

But, amazed and overwhelmed, he is ready to shrink into utter nothingness before this dread Being when he is bidden to learn his second lesson. God is love. How the gentle, gracious words allay his fears, and with what cheerful alacrity he betakes himself to his task! He remembers that in his first lesson he had perceived, even when overcome by the majesty and glory of God, that love, like a golden thread, had pervaded and connected every page, and now with renewed eyes he beholds this ethereal essence as it

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;"

as if even this were not enough, the sublime scene on Calvary's mount opens upon his astonished sight, and the voice of Omnipotence completes the lesson by assuring his adoring soul, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Herein is contained man's third lesson, "believe." "And He taking a little child, and having set him in the midst said, Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of God." However great and exalted he may be, however wise and learned, however haughty and proud, a little child must lead him; his lesson of faith and obedience must be learned from the innocent little one, who is the joy of his household. His sweet instructor lovingly rests on his arm, confidently yields to his guidance, cheerfully obeys his slightest will, while from its deep soul-lit eyes he learns what faith is, and when he cries, "Abba, Father," his whole being is melted into humble joy, that in so tender a relation he may approach the great and holy God.

One lesson remains. "Earth is not his abiding-place; heaven is his home." Strange but true,

this is the hardest lesson of all. True, life is a grievous burden, full of sorrows and disappointments, and heaven is an eternal release, but with fatal tenacity he clings to the false, fleeting shadows, and his affections become completely entwined around the objects about him. Adversity, sorrow, and disease become his teachers, and beneath their serene tutelage, often in deepest anguish of soul and body, the painful lesson is learned, and his impatient, longing spirit awaits his last great teacher, Death, and the hour when, released from tasks and masters, he may enter into rest and rejoice for evermore in the assurance that all things have worked together for good, and that however long and grievous the conflict, eternal Love has guided and controlled the whole.

MUSINGS OF THE ITINERANT'S WIFE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I'm sitting in the sunset beside the window low;
I watch the gathering shadows now flickering to and fro,
But I'm thinking of another eve two happy years ago.
The spring-time in its beauty was smiling then as now;
The lengthened day was lingering upon the mountain's brow,
And blue-birds twittered 'mong the trees like those on yonder bough.
And then, as now, a sadness that might not be exprest,
A lonely, yearning feeling that would not be repress.
Had dimmed my eyes and waked anew the love within my breast.
Love for my home, the home so soon to be for aye forsaken;
Love for the friends whose last adieus and smiles must soon be taken;
Love for the few on whom my heart relied with trust unshaken.
Can they be wrong, these sad, sweet thoughts of yearning and regret
For those who in my grateful heart are fondly reigning yet?
Gladly I haste where duty calls, but ought I to forget?
O no, I'll garner well the love that smiles on every hand,
The quiet homes, awhile my own, so scattered o'er the land,
With every tiny shrub and flower my memory shall command.
I marvel oft if other hearts so rich a freight can bring;
If other voices have such cause of wondrous love to sing;
If o'er another's path in life God doth such beauty fling.
And so as fades the sunset light the shadows flee away,
I see God's perfect love and truth e'en in the gloaming gray,
And with new strength and added faith I journey on my way.

IN THE SUMMER.

BY R. MARIA BECK.

Now the alder bush is white
All along the dusty lane,
And it is a calm delight,
Seeing fields of golden grain
Waving, waving far away;
Billows chasing o'er the lea,
And you dream the live-long day
Of the ripples on the sea.
And you listen to the moan
Of the dove upon the rail,
Blending like an undertone
With the piping of the quail;
And the sparrow's song of glee
Coming out the thicket deep,
Stirs within a melody
That can never, never sleep.
And the sheep wind down the hill
To the bell's low, tinkling rhyme,
Coming where the meadow rill
Creeps among the sweet-breathed thyme,
Where the larch-tree's shadows lie
Dreamily along the green,
With the glimpses of the sky,
And the sunlight in between;
That calm sky whose tender blue
Curtains from the mortal sight
Half that to the heart is true,
All that to the soul is light;
For the heart can always find
Somewhat here on earth to love;
But the soul is ever blind
Till unloosed for climes above.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF OLD.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE.

In the beautiful days of old,
I loved a faëry maiden,
A sweet, enchanting maiden,
In a realm of gems and gold.
And there, on a Summer morning,
I wooed the wondrous maiden,
I won the roseate maiden,
With love, and flowers, and gold.
And there, on a Summer evening,
Into the Summer heavens,
Floated the beautiful maiden—
Floated on gossamer gold.
And so, at the dreary midnight,
Out of the land of blossoms,
Out of the realm of beauty,
Out of the region of gold
I wandered, weary and dreary,
Into the homes of sorrow,
Bidding adieu forever
To the beautiful days of old

SIX MONTHS IN THE KITCHEN.

BY CAROLINE CARROL.

CHAPTER THIRD.

A MONTH passed rapidly away. Isabel watched her brother anxiously every time Emily Page was mentioned, but could obtain no satisfaction from his quiet face and guarded answers. Kate never visited Mrs. Harper without telling of some effort Mr. Charles had made to "talk good" to her, and that merry little lady had her own suspicions that these efforts were not entirely caused by anxiety for her spiritual welfare—suspicions which the gentleman in question would have resented very highly, could he have known of them.

Frank Gleason had succeeded in becoming acquainted with "the divinity in blue." First he made Anna believe it would be delightful to have Katy take Judy's place some day and walk out with herself and Clara, doing it so skillfully that the child imagined it was her own idea, and did not cease to tease both her mother and Kate till she had succeeded. Then when the three were standing on the common, watching a kite which was high above them, he *happened* along, near them, and after talking to Anna a moment, asked her to introduce him to her friend, which she did awkwardly enough.

After this the child found the gentleman less interested in her, for he immediately commenced a conversation with Kate, which he soon discovered was not to be so condescending on his part as he had imagined. He then managed to join her nearly every time she went out walking, which she often did in the afternoons. He tried to get her to tell him when she would do so, but failing in this, watched for her every day at the time when she had told him she was free from household duties. She was a perfect puzzle to him. His most skillful cross-questioning failed to make her say a word as though her position had formerly been a different one. Yet her ease, her gracefulness, and her evident familiarity with the forms of society, convinced him that such was the case. The reckless young man, whom not one of his intimate friends had supposed capable of a real passion, now began to be very much in love with our lovely Kate, and spent hours wishing something would happen to prove her station sufficiently exalted for him to honor her with his hand. She, on her part, believed that her own reserve alone prevented a declaration, and her vanity was much flattered by what she considered a tribute to her real worth. It was about the middle of August, that Kate entered the Huntley kitchen, and it was now the

first week of October, and she could not but acknowledge to herself, that even in this short time she had improved. She felt that she was learning self-control, that it did not seem so impossible to finish an unpleasant task, as it had once done; that the perseverance which she had formerly insisted was the gift of nature to an especial few, was to a certain degree acquirable by practice.

"I wonder where the second volume of 'Kane's Arctic Explorations' is," said Charles Huntley, standing before one of his sister's bookcases.

"I do n't know," said Isabel, languidly.

"O! I know," said Anna, who had seen Kate with it, and running to her room, she quickly returned and placed it in her uncle's hand.

"Go away now, aunty's head aches," said Isabel, and the child left the room.

"Why, Bell," said her brother, "here is one of your letters, or rather a note, in this book."

"Where is it from?" said she, without opening her eyes.

"It has n't any date, or envelope," he replied, "but it commences, 'My dearest Bell,' and is signed, 'Your loving Kate,'"

"It is from Kate Dashwood, then," said Isabel, who, though she could not write letters, received many from those who pitied her captivity; "read it, if you wish."

As a general thing he would not have cared to read Kate Dashwood's letters, but the sight of his own name, as he opened it to look at the signature, excited his curiosity, and he read as follows:

"*My Dearest Bell.*—You will not be very much pleased when you see this 'weeny' sheet; but it is all I have time to fill, and you know you told me not to send you any blank paper. I have been here now over six weeks, but it does not seem so long. I am getting along very well indeed. Mrs. Huntley is generally very good-natured, and Miss Isabel is almost an angel. Mr. Charles Huntley still favors me with an occasional solemn sentence, and a gloomy, 'owlish' look, but as a general thing he does not bother himself much about me. I suppose he has concluded that I am such a hardened sinner, it is of no use for him to play missionary to me. His boots are still the torment of my life. I do not believe that any other cook in Christendom has the gentlemen's boots to clean, though I do not mind the patent leather ones. Yesterday as I was walking along the street, I saw Mr. Charles Huntley standing at the side of the pavement talking to a gentleman on horseback. The horse wanted to go on, and kept stepping and pawing, while I watched anxiously, fearing not for the poor man's toes, but for his boots. Sure enough, a great splash of mud flew on to one of them, just as I passed, making me groan inwardly, at the thoughts of the time I should have cleaning it off. Mr. Gleason still joins me every time I go out for a walk. How he finds out when I am going I do not know.

His blending of admiration for myself, and a contempt for my occupation, is perfectly amusing. I'll tell you more about him next time I write. Give my love to your mother, and tell her not to be alarmed about me, for I am getting along nicely. Phebe tells me she thinks Mr. Charles is going to marry a forlorn-looking 'grass-widow,' who has been here two or three times to visit Mrs. Huntley and Miss Isabel. Write to me soon, and believe me still

"Your loving

KATE."

To say that Charles Huntley was astonished, would but feebly describe his emotions. He placed the letter back in the book and went in search of his niece. "Anna," said he, "where did you find this book?"

"In on Katy's stand; I knew it was there, for I saw Katy have it the other day."

"Well, take it back, I do not want it any more," and he walked off to his office.

That that gay, beautiful girl should make him a subject for her mirth, calling him "gloomy" and "owlish," was very annoying, and no trying to be dignified, and calling to mind her position, could prevent its being so. Then her brief mention of Emily was very aggravating, and mingled with these thoughts was one of grave alarm, that Frank Gleason should have made her acquaintance, and be on such familiar terms as the letter indicated. He had had an impression all along that Kate was not what she appeared, and this seemed to strengthen it, but yet he argued, what earthly reason could she have for wishing to appear inferior to what she really was? Her happy, innocent face rose before him to repel the idea that she might have been banished by her friends for some misdemeanor. "Any way," thought he, as a slight flush rose to his calm face, "I will take care that she does not again have my boots to clean," and from that time, though his boots were regularly placed in the usual closet, Kate, to her great joy, always found them clean and bright. He hesitated for some time as to whether or not he had better go and talk to Frank, but concluded it would do no good, and the wiser way would be to get Isabel to talk to Katy. Isabel said she would do so, but still she looked searchingly in her brother's face. "You are certain, Charles, that you have no thought of removing our pretty Katy from the kitchen to the parlor?"

"None whatever," he said, emphatically, and his sister believed him, and wished he would speak as freely in regard to Emily Page.

Chance seemed to favor Isabel in her wish to have Kate under her influence, for it was but the next day that Phebe informed her her sister was to be married, and if she could be spared she would like to make a long visit home.

"But who will attend Miss Isabel?" said Mrs. Huntley, who was sitting near; "she is used to you now, and I am afraid a stranger will not make her comfortable."

"O, I'll get along," said Isabel, thinking instantly of Kate. "In all these six years Phebe has never been at home more than a day or two at a time, so I think we will have to let her go now."

"Well, but who will you have in her place?"

"Why, if you can spare Katy, I should like her."

"You shall have her," said Mrs. Huntley, who never refused Isabel any thing which was in her power to grant. "Ruth is a pretty good cook, and she and Martha between them can get along. How long do you want to stay, Phebe?"

"Six weeks, if you can spare me, ma'am."

"Well, I presume I can."

Kate sorrowfully informed Miss Harper of the proposed change.

"Why, my dear, I should think you would be glad."

"You would not think so if you knew aunt Jane," said Kate, moodily. "She said I must be cook six months; so she will not count these six weeks in Isabel's room, and I shall have to stay so much longer."

"I do not think so," replied Mrs. Harper; "just you wait till her letter comes, and see. You have written to her about it, have you not?"

"No, I am going to this evening."

"Well, when you do it, just ask her if you may tell Isabel your history, making her promise not to tell the rest of the family."

Kate shook her head. The proviso was, "that I was to say nothing which would induce them to treat me differently from the other servants. Miss Isabel's sympathy would be delightful, but not sufficiently so for me to risk my promised fortune."

"Never mind, just ask your aunt. It can not do any harm, and I believe she will be glad to say yes. I have an idea she is sorry for having been so stern with you, and that in five or six days you will have the desired permission."

Kate wrote, but she did not feel at all hopeful as to the success of her application. How little did she imagine, that while she was washing the breakfast dishes, next morning, her aunt and Mrs. Harper were busily discussing the subject!

After dinner Phebe went away, and Kate took her place in Isabel's room. Isabel had determined that for the present she would say nothing to her new maid about Frank Gleason, but would keep her closely in the house, and see if she grew restless. Her brother had told her that he believed Kate was acting a part, and she re-

solved to watch her, and discover her true character, and her motives for concealment, if concealment there was.

"You will sleep on the sofa," said she, when she found herself comfortably settled for the night, "the bedding is in that closet."

"Yes, ma'am; Phebe told me about it," replied Kate.

Isabel lay quietly watching her as she arranged her bed, moving with a light, firm tread, and appearing not in the least discomposed by her new position. This done, she removed the combs and pins which confined her wealth of hair and shook it around her. Then she toyed with it a few moments, smoothing it, and laying it caressingly against her cheek, and finally wound it in a loose knot at the back of her head, and covered it with a dainty cap. After this she habited herself in a fine cambric night-dress, not at all like the coarse, unbleached ones which Phebe wore, and then sat looking at the floor, with an air of pleased thoughtfulness. Rousing herself, she said, "Shall I turn off the gas now, Miss Isabel?"

"Not entirely; I keep a faint light in my room all night."

It was done as she wished, and then the girl turned to her couch.

"Will she," thought Isabel, "dare to seek rest without one murmur of prayer?"

She watched till she saw that such was her intention, and then she said gently, "Come here, won't you, Katy?"

Kate approached the bedside.

"I wish you would sit down a few minutes."

Kate seated herself, and Isabel paused, hardly knowing what to say. At length she spoke—"You are young and beautiful, [even in the dim light she could see the deepening dimples,] and active and healthy. If I could exchange all my wealth for only these last blessings, it seems as though the world would take new colors to me; how must it look to you who have them all!"

"O, Miss Isabel," said the girl, impulsively clasping the thin hand which lay on the counterpane, "it is hard, it is *very* hard for you to have to stay all the time, either in the bed or the easy chair, and never be able to help yourself from one to the other."

"No," said Isabel, "not so hard as you probably imagine, for I have never known any other life. Besides, I try to be thankful for the blessings I have, without pining for those which are denied me. Do you do so, Katy?"

How that question pierced Kate's heart! In her hours of rebellion, she had felt that she was hardly dealt with; that the luxuries which should have been hers had been cruelly taken from her, and that she was deserving of much praise for the

angry obedience which she gave to her aunt. Now Isabel's submissive words—words of thankfulness for blessings which she knew were inferior to her own—and her unexpected question, had placed her ingratitude before her in its true light. She trembled, and bowed her head upon the bed.

"I do not wish to pain you," said the sick girl, clasping the hand which a moment before had clasped hers, "only to remind you of what, in our hours of healthful glee, we are apt to forget, that God is a 'jealous God,' and will have us render to him that which is his due. Surely our grateful thanks belong to him."

She paused, but the bowed head beside her was not lifted, and she had no means of knowing how her words were received. That was a solemn hour for Kate Clifford—an hour of destiny, though she knew it not. The Spirit of God was knocking at the door of her heart, and she was hesitating whether to give it admission, or drive it from her. There was a terrible feeling of responsibility, from which she could not escape, a feeling that if, after the glimpse she had had of her own heart, she now remained indifferent to her Creator, she should in so doing sin past all hope of forgiveness. She wished Isabel had not spoken to her and roused her from her blindness, and yet she shudderingly thought, "how every day is adding to the catalogue of my sins!" She felt her hand clasped still more closely, and the low tones were very tender—"Kate, can you not kneel and thank your Father in heaven for the bounties he has so freely bestowed upon you?"

"No," said she, suddenly rising, "I can not. It would be mockery to return thanks for that which I have neglected and misimproved."

She walked off to her bed, and though many words came thronging to Isabel's lips, she refrained from uttering them. Hers was that nice discrimination which teaches its happy possessor to pause just when they have said enough. She feared to reply to Kate's words, lest she should attempt to justify herself, and she knew that such an attempt brings with it a measure of belief in our own words, though they may fail to impress the listener: so she left her to her own evidently-awakened conscience—a gentle sigh, a sigh which reproached Kate more than the reproof she had expected could have done, being her only answer. In a short time the beautiful room was as quiet as though both its occupants were asleep, but it was hours before this was really the case. The next day, true to her purpose, Isabel kept Kate with her the greater part of the time. She saw that the girl was ill at ease, and that her manner was subdued, and she hoped the last night's conversation had not been fruitless. Late in the

evening, when they were again alone, she asked her if she would read to her a chapter in the Bible, selecting for this purpose the touching account which the beloved disciple gives of the death and sufferings of our Lord. Our heroine commenced, with a fixed resolution to be perfectly calm, but as she went on her voice became first tremulous, then broken by sobs.

"We spoke last night," said Isabel, gently, "of the gratitude we owe to God for his temporal blessings; but how they all shrink into insignificance when compared with this last great gift of himself!"

The thin hands were clasped together, and the usually dim eyes were bright with feeling. There was a long silence, during which she seemed to be holding communion with her God. Kate longed to speak, but could not.

At length, "Would you not," said Isabel, "rejoice to feel that you have part in the inheritance so dearly purchased and so freely given?"

"Yes," said Kate in a choking voice; "but—"

"But what?"

"I do n't feel that I have any right to hope for it, I am so unworthy, so guilty," and the barrier of silence once removed, her tears, and doubts, and fears were poured forth together.

She had in Isabel a kind and patient listener and a judicious counselor, but she could not believe, as she was told to do, in a present Savior. If she could only do something to show her sorrow and penitence, she thought she might have hope. Ah, how hard it is for the proud human heart to learn that its strength is weakness, that it can do nothing for itself, but must be saved through faith in the merits of another! No wonder those who believe doing penance to be an expiation for sin take satisfaction in performing it. It were easy to travel to Jerusalem and bow the haughty head where a Savior trod; but it is hard for the haughty spirit to yield and humbly plead to be saved by grace.

Two days after this, while Kate was still surrounded by gloom and darkness, Mrs. Huntley looked at her as she passed out of Isabel's room, where the elder members of the family had assembled, and said,

"What is the matter with Katy? She does not seem like herself, she is so gloomy and sober."

"I think," replied Isabel, "that she is truly penitent for her sins, and I hope to see her become a Christian."

Mrs. Huntley smiled.

"Ah, Bell," she said, "you are so nearly an angel yourself that you are always thinking other people would be so too if they only had religion, but I tell you you are mistaken."

"It is you who are mistaken, Laura, both in thinking me so perfect and in thinking that I overrate the powers of religion."

Mrs. Huntley shook her head. Both she and her husband thought that Charles and Isabel made religion too engrossing an object.

"Well," said she, "I'll tell you what I think of Katy. I think her parents were probably poor, but that some one, attracted by her beauty, took her and kept her for a while in the midst of elegance, and that she did something to displease them, and they sent her back to her friends, with whom she is now too refined to find pleasure."

"A very pretty theory," said Mr. Henry Huntley. "But you must tell us why she did not support herself by teaching when cast off by these admirers of beauty, and how she came to be such a good cook."

"O, I do n't suppose they gave her much education," said his wife; "just taught her to appear well, and may be a little music. As for the cooking, she told me she had been for the last two years with a cross aunt, and it is likely she taught her that. Katy," she added, as the girl reappeared with Isabel's tea, "have you ever taken music lessons?"

Kate, taken thus suddenly, did not know what to say.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, hesitatingly; "but I have n't for over two years."

"Why did you stop?"

"My aunt thought it a waste of time."

"Why did n't she let you fit yourself for a music teacher?"

"I had rather not talk about it if you please," said Kate respectfully, but firmly, and the fashionable Mrs. Huntley felt that her servant had reproved her curiosity, and that, too, in a way she could not resent. It was, she afterward declared, very provoking, but only confirmed her suspicions. She and her husband were going to a party that evening, and when she was ready she came to let Isabel see her dress; but Kate, though she looked admiringly, did not seem in the least dazzled—a fact which the lady failed not to notice.

"Now, Bell," said she, "do try and persuade Charles to follow us; it is very absurd for him to seclude himself so."

"I'll tell him what you say," was the smiling answer.

Shortly after the carriage rolled away he made his appearance in the sick room, and his sister fulfilled her promise by repeating Mrs. Huntley's words.

He smiled his peculiarly quiet smile, and said he preferred to stay where he was, "and," said he, "when Katy said she had taken music lessons

I thought we could get her to play for us this evening."

Kate at first absolutely refused, and when she seated herself at the piano it was with visible reluctance. She played several pieces, and, though she did not keep as exact time as the well-trained ears of her hearers might have desired, she yet played with so much taste and feeling that they were not disposed to criticise.

Isabel asked her brother to hand her a certain book, saying, "There is a hymn in it which I would like to hear Katy sing. I presume she is familiar with the air, and I love the words."

Charles took the book to her, and when she had turned to the page, placed it before Kate.

"O, yes," she said, "I know that."

"Sing it, will you?" said Isabel. And Kate sang—

"Away, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face."

Here her voice failed. She looked at the keys through blinding tears, and, after a moment's pause, went on mechanically playing without attempting to sing. A rich, manly voice behind her took up the words:

"But shall I therefore let him go
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus no,
I never will give up my shield."

A few notes of prelude to the next verse were struck, and then Kate, rising hastily, would have left the room had not Isabel called her.

"Kate, would you like to have my brother pray with you?"

Kate did not reply, but, sinking on her knees by the bed, she buried her face in the clothes and sobbed in bitterness of spirit, while Charles Huntley, kneeling by his chair, prayed for her long and fervently. When the prayer was ended she remained for some time in the same position, and when she did arise it was only to seat herself by the bed and hide her tearful face in Isabel's pillow. Both brother and sister talked to her; then Charles read and commented upon some portions of the sacred volume, and after offering up a petition in her behalf left the room. When Kate went to her bed that night it was with the fixed resolution that she would not leave off seeking till she had obtained the "pearl of price."

The next day was Saturday, and neither Frederick nor Anna were obliged to go to school; but about the middle of the forenoon Fred came laughing to the kitchen and asked for Katy.

"She's in Miss Isabel's room," said Ruth

crossly; "she stays there a great deal more than Phebe used to, and I believe it's just because she knows if she was down here I would ask her to help me."

Fred ran up to his aunt's room.

"Katy," said he, "here is a letter for you," and the boy's merry eyes twinkled as he told how anxious "somebody" was to know if she was sick that she never walked out any more, and how the said somebody had given him a dollar for bringing the letter, and promised him another if he brought an answer.

"Now, Katy," said he, "you must be sure to write to him, for I want that dollar."

"Fred," said Isabel, "who gave you the letter?"

"I promised not to tell, so it's no use to ask me," answered the boy as he left the room.

Kate opened the letter. It was neatly directed to "Miss Katie Callihan," and was, as she had surmised, from Frank Gleason. He had watched and watched for her, and finally resolved to write, for he could not, though he did not say so, conquer his pride enough to call at Mrs. Huntley's kitchen. He told her that he believed she had been accustomed to a different life from that which she now led, and implored her to tell him if this was the case, intimating that if she could give satisfactory explanations he would offer her his hand, and the whole tenor of his letter showed that he considered this a most tempting bribe. Isabel watched her anxiously as she read the letter, and saw that her red lips curled disdainfully as she closed it.

"Katy," said she, beseechingly, "I wish you would confide in me; I do believe I could give you advice which would be for your benefit."

A wave of red blood deluged the girl's face; she stood a moment looking very irresolute, then she laid the letter on the bed, and, going to the further end of the room, began industriously dusting the piano.

"Is this F. S. Gleason one of the firm of Howard & Gleason?" said Isabel when she had finished reading.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you become acquainted with him?" Kate told her all she knew.

"Do you think he really loves you, Katy?"

The girl laughed and blushed.

"Yes, ma'am, I think he does a little; but he did n't mean to, he only meant to flirt."

Isabel laughed outright at the gleeful tone in which Kate said "he did n't mean to."

"But you," said she anxiously, "do you care for him?"

"No, I do not," replied Kate scornfully. "He is very pleasant, only he is so conceited, and it is

rather flattering to have one in his position pleased with one in mine, but I never cared for him."

O, if Frank Gleason could have heard her then how his mustache would have drooped!

Isabel looked perfectly contented. "You can not think," she said, "how much you have relieved me. But do you know, Katy, I have often thought as he does? It is very strange, if you were trained to be a cook, that you should have taken music lessons. Indeed, your manners show that you have been accustomed to a different life. Perhaps if you would tell me of your past I could do something to make you happier. I should dearly love to do so."

"I can not tell you," said Kate, speaking in a low voice and with downcast eyes, "any thing of my past life. I am bound by a solemn promise not to mention it."

Isabel was deeply disappointed, but she would not urge her to break her promise.

"What answer will you make to this letter?" she said.

"None," replied Kate, "and yet," added she, "I do not like to have Master Fred lose his dollar; I believe I will inclose it back to him."

Great was Frank's exultation when Fred brought him the letter, and the promised dollar was immediately forthcoming. He looked at the address, and decided in his own mind that the writing was very elegant.

"Now," thought he as he broke the seal, "I shall know all about her;" but what was his indignant astonishment when he saw his own letter! He questioned Fred closely, but the boy could tell him nothing, only that he carried the letter to Katy, who was in his aunt Bell's room, and that an hour after she brought him the answer, so he was compelled to swallow his mortification as best he could.

"It is some of that confounded sick girl's work," he muttered. "She had much better be saying prayers and singing psalms;" and Frank Gleason sat down to devise some way of obtaining an interview with the girl who was at that moment bowed in tearful prayer.

The Sabbath passed away, a memorable one to Kate, and the toils of another week commenced. Monday evening, as Charles Huntley passed through the hall on the way to his sister's room, he heard merry voices and light laughter in one of the parlors, where Mrs. Huntley sat with some company; but on going up stairs he heard what was to him a sweeter sound—the voice of Kate singing. Entering quietly he listened to the words—

"My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

The singer's voice dwelt lovingly on the last line, and he came forward and spoke to her.

"Katy," said he, "is it so? Do you feel that your God is reconciled?"

Kate's eyes filled, and her "yes," though distinct, was very low. She could not talk to him of the great change she felt; but to Isabel she could and did, till the sick girl, who, living all her life apart from the world and its temptations, and made patient by suffering, had grown to be a Christian so peacefully that she could not tell the hour when she first believed herself a child of God, wondered while she rejoiced. Poets have told us much of first love. Whole pages have been written to portray that first bewildering dream which sheds so soft a rose-light on every object connected with the beloved one. But who has ever tried to tell on paper the rapture which the soul feels when first permitted to believe that Jesus is ours and we are his? Is it not because all have felt that the thrilling happiness, the ecstatic joy of that hour is more intense than written language can convey? Does it not require the quivering voice, the shining face, and the beaming eye, whose pure light is so unlike the mirthful gleam which formerly illuminated it, to give even the faintest idea of the bliss which comes with that first draught of Divine love? Well is it for thee, young soldier, that the emotions of this season render it one which can never be forgotten; well for thee that when in thy toilsome earth-march difficulties and doubts beset thee, and the enemy whispers, "If you had been truly converted this would never be," you can triumphantly refer to this hour and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Kate Clifford looked back in after years to that day, and the quiet weeks which succeeded it, as a time of perfect happiness. Her aunt did not answer her letter for some days, for she did not wish to grant her request, and Mrs. Harper urged it so strongly that she did not like to refuse it. It was two weeks after Kate wrote before she received a reply. Miss Clifford wrote that as she had not asked to be removed from the kitchen, she should not hold her accountable, and she did not wish her to stay longer than the original six months. In truth, the good lady was very tired of boarding at a hotel, and sending her letters to her niece to Dearborn to be mailed, receiving from Kate in the same roundabout way the news which Mrs. Harper gave her directly. She longed to be back at her house, and had no idea of lengthening her self-imposed absence. She gave Kate permission to tell her history to her sick friend, but added that she must go back to

the kitchen when Phebe returned, and not allow Isabel to devise any plan to keep her in her room longer than the stipulated time. Then she advised her to keep her story to herself in spite of the liberty which she now gave her to speak, "for," said she, "if your new friend intimates to the rest of the family that she is in possession of knowledge which should make them treat you with more consideration than the other servants, I shall not consider my promise binding."

Kate, who knew that her stern aunt would not break her word for any thing which she gave her permission to do, however much she might wish her to do otherwise, and who had perfect confidence in her gentle mistress, carried the letter to Isabel and told her all; told her of her own former heedlessness and her father's indulgent love; his death, her helpless position, and the two dreary years she had spent with her aunt.

"Ah," she said, "you can not think how delightful it seems to think of purchasing a life-long independence by six months of servitude; four and a half I should say, for it is not like servitude to be in your room."

How tender was Isabel's sympathy, how judicious her advice, how encouraging her approval! Kate felt she was indeed to her a ministering spirit. Mrs. Huntley was called out of the city by her mother's illness, so they were much alone, except that Charles Huntley had discovered that his sister's room was not only the pleasant place he had always deemed it, but the very pleasantest one in the city, and accordingly spent much time there.

Poor Emily Page shed many tears as she saw that she had lost the slight hold which she had established upon him when she first returned to the home of her girlhood, and realized that the lover once so heartlessly jilted could not be regained.

Kate did not feel like calling him "gloomy and owlsh" now. She had learned to prize his rare, grave smiles, to listen for his footsteps, to sit apart and watch his intellectual face while he talked or read to his sister, and to feel her heart throb quickly whenever he addressed a word to her. She had mingled too much with the world to let her emotions be seen, as one less experienced would have done; but Isabel saw that the small hands trembled and the red blood mounted to her face whenever his footstep was heard upon the stairs, though by the time he entered the room she was always calm and quiet.

"Dear me, Miss Isabel," said Phebe two days after her return, "I am wonderful glad to get back. I would have come two weeks ago, only I was ashamed to tell my folks I could n't stay but a month when they knew I had leave for six weeks. How did you get along without me?"

"Very well. Katy was very attentive."

Phebe looked uneasy. She did not like to say that her greatest trouble had been the fear that her mistress would learn to do without her.

"Well," said she, "I must say that she is the changed'st girl ever I seen. She is as chirk and happy as can be. She don't seem to have any of them dreadful crying spells, and I have n't once seen her shut her lips together and trot her foot on the floor like she used to."

"What was that for?"

"I do n't know, without it was to keep from saying something sassy; it looked just like that."

Isabel had no doubt it did. Kate was now treading in her old routine of duties, but they seemed much lighter than they had formerly done. How fervently she thanked God for her aunt's stern lessons, and the cruel kindness which had been such a blessing! "Truly," she said to herself, "I have been led in paths which I had not known."

It was very difficult now to get a moment's private talk with Isabel, but the few words of loving sympathy which the sick girl managed to whisper, were very precious.

Charles Huntley made many errands to the kitchen, but always found some of the other servants with Kate, for the weather was now cold and the kitchen very comfortable.

About the middle of January he started to the far west on a business trip, which would detain him, he said, six or seven weeks. Isabel objected strongly on account of the cold weather, but he laughed at her fears, telling her at the same time that he positively must go.

THE SHOWER.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

THE Summer-cloud still lingers

To cheer the leaping grass;

The rain with music-fingers

Is strumming on the glass.

The earnest Life is walking

Among the eglantines,

And fairy lips are talking

To pinks and jessamines.

The rain perfumes the clover,

And scents the privet rare;

It gives a gracious odor

Of health to all the air.

The blossoms, music-fingered,

Sing their sweetest strain,

Their little hands are lifted

To catch the silver rain.

We bless the FATHER, ours,

Who giveth sun and rain;

His smiles are scented flowers;

His words are golden grains.

MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

TRELLISTON, September 5, 18—.

DEAR PAUL,—Your tardy letter has come to hand at last. There was some unaccountable delay about the mail, and I have been harassed with all sorts of fears and anxieties. Uncle says that I haven't even tried to behave myself. Thank God for the "good news from a far country."

A week ago I should have written out for you a life-like representation of our picnic, but this long worry has stolen all its beauty and freshness from my memory. Just one little incident remains, which owes its unfading interest to Nancy Poole. I told you that she and Dr. Mellen were to take charge of one table. The Doctor is a single man, fine-looking and polite, though he is a little too precise for my taste. I think, however, I should scarcely have noticed this last trait, had I not heard Miss Nancy especially glorify him therefor. "Such nicely-fitting gloves! Such spotless wristbands! Such a straight nose! Such hair! Such whiskers! Why, it's like a painting by some of the old artists!" said Miss Nancy, enthusiastically. "I never saw finger-nails so beautifully rounded, or with—with—"

"Such corresponding toe-nails," I added, completing the sentence to her infinite disgust.

Well, Paul, she was in the full glory of her office, leaning over the heads of the dear, artless children to pass a plate of sandwiches to the Doctor, when a passing youngster yelled out at the top of his voice, "Nancy Poole, yer shoe's coming off; you show that hole in the heel o' yer stocking!"

A roar of laughter from all the urchins within hearing followed this announcement, and I am sorry to say that many older persons, old enough to be more polite, myself among them, caught the contagious merriment and laughed till they cried. Even the Doctor's prim mustache was twitched a little out of line.

"O dear! O dear!" sighed an honest old man, who had often worked for Mr. Poole and knew the whole family well, "if it had been any body else in all the world, the boys would n't have found so much 'teekle' in it; but Miss Nancy!"

You ask, Paul, what has become of those curious neighbors who overlook our garden. I am quite ashamed that I gave you such an impression of them. They are a very good kind of people, though they *are* curious in regard to all that goes on around them. Still it is an innocent curiosity and harmlessly exercised. No one ever hears them speak unkindly of others. I very

often take my work into their plain little sitting-room—which serves for kitchen as well—and I find in their fresh kind-heartedness a real relief from anxiety and borrowed trouble. I always come away feeling ashamed that my talents, which, in every sense, I know to be superior to theirs, are devoted to no particular purpose; while their simple goodness is a blessing to the whole community. There are two maiden ladies and the four orphan children of their dead brother. These children are wholly dependent on their kind aunts, who are obliged to contrive, and save, and labor steadily to keep out of debt. And yet aunt Lucy says there are none in the Church who give so regularly for its different charities.

Sometimes I go in there with a newspaper full of the most doleful details of sickness in California, where a friend of mine is staying; or a list of persons blown to pieces by some steamboat explosion in your vicinity, and feeling as if you were, perforce, exposed to all sorts of perils and tribulations with no hope of escape. My heart is like lead in my bosom, and the whole world looks like the valley and shadow of death. Then little Miss Mary, or Miss Betsey, seeing how desolate I feel, and how much I need comfort, begin in their quaint, homely way to tell me of some *real* trials that they have passed through, and how the good Lord, the merciful Father, delivered them out of all their troubles. I can't tell you how it is, but in a few minutes I see the blessed doctrine of God's special providence smiling out of a score of Scripture texts, and as I listen while they repeat them, a trust in the never-tiring goodness of Jehovah insensibly fills my heart and the clouds vanish. Their plain, simple-hearted piety quite shames me. My own profession of godliness seems hollow and vain; the daily forms of worship that I force myself to observe, appear heartless and but a mockery after witnessing the living power and freshness of their experience. What is talent or position, cultured intellect or beauty, compared with such spiritual loveliness and purity! Nobody ever speaks of the mental endowments of Mary or Betsey Brown, but they have a large place in the hearts of the people here. Loving looks follow them, and loving words are spoken of them wherever they go. I have often seen young men rise up respectfully to open their pew door, at the close of the service on Sunday, or to find their place in the Bible or hymn-book; and no matter how much hurry there is in thronging out of Church, no one ever jostles them as they trot down the long aisle to the door. Aunt Lucy says they are always to be found in the house of mourning and by the couches of the sick and dying.

May often goes in with me to offer some little dainty that Tom has brought from the city for Amy, the oldest child. She is nearly ten years old, but you would take her for a child of six. She has not grown at all for several years and is sadly deformed, poor thing, by a curvature of the spine. She suffers a great deal of pain at times, but has long intervals of relief, sometimes lasting for weeks.

May has the happy gift of story-telling, and it is pleasant to see the children crowd up to her chair and range themselves for the expected treat. The three youngest are roguish, noisy boys, full of life and play, and reckless of all consequences. They are a great care, and it is wonderful how those quiet women so completely control them. They do not try to keep them still—that is a physical impossibility—but they regulate their sports and bring into play the finer feelings, training them to habits of generosity and self-sacrifice. Are you tired of my model old maids? If so, I can treat you to a contrast. May and I were coming from Miss Brown's last evening, and, as it was too early to expect Tom, we concluded to go into the parsonage and sit awhile with aunt Lucy; but Miss Martha Poole called to us that May had company waiting, so I went home with her. It was only a girl with peaches to sell, who had been kept waiting so long that she was ready to cry, but who brightened up directly on our buying all the fruit she had. It was delightful to witness the sudden change in her countenance, and to watch the little figure dancing down the walk, swinging the empty basket.

"I had n't the heart to send her away," said Miss Martha. "She has been here an hour, I think, and was so anxious to sell her fruit that I fairly got nervous in my sympathy with her. We tried to make her think of something else, and Nancy asked her all sorts of questions about her family and the neighbors, but she seemed very shy till you came in."

"Who is she?"

"One of widow Gould's children. They are very poor. Farmer Brent keeps the boys doing chores and the girls running of errands a good part of the time, I believe. They live in one of his old houses. He pretends to give them the rent, but people say that the widow is expected to help in the great house just when she is called upon. The little girl was too shy to let us know much about their affairs, but we could put things together and guess the truth pretty well. She did just tell us that the farmer had given her leave to sell fruit enough to buy a new cloak and bonnet for Winter, and that her brother Johnny was to have half the eggs laid by a dozen hens, if he

took good care of them all. It don't take long to see through such charity as that," said Miss Martha, with a benevolent cock of her nose, as she inspected the basket of peaches. "Poor child! Did you see that she had no stockings?"

"It is warm weather," said I. "Many children go without stockings. I should like to myself."

"Very few people realize the privations of the poor," she went on, "but I can not treat such subjects lightly. They are no trifles to those who suffer. I suppose," she added, sighing, "that those are to be envied who can enjoy their luxuries in forgetfulness of the poor and sorrowing, but I am differently constituted. Sister Nancy has done nothing but weep ever since the child came in. But I remember, Mrs. Hascall, hearing you say that a person had no right to introduce sad themes of conversation."

"No. I said, Miss Poole, that no person should persist in making others dismal where no good could result from their gloomy pictures of life."

She did not answer me. It is perfectly understood between us that any approach to cordiality on either side would be sheer hypocrisy. May says that my features preach whole sermons of wrath, when Miss Martha gets off her strictures on the motives and actions of others. But Miss Martha had now something in view of more practical use than unkind gossip. Her eyes scarcely left the tempting fruit that May had placed on a side-table.

"Those seem to be fine peaches, Mrs. Leslie."

"They are, indeed. Help yourself," said May, passing the basket with ready generosity.

No second invitation was needed. The rich, ripe fruit began to disappear with astonishing rapidity.

"If it won't be robbing you, Mrs. Leslie, I will take a few for papa. He has been feeling poorly all day."

"As many as you like," answered May, carelessly. "Maddie, perhaps little Amy Brown would relish one. She has suffered so much pain to-day that she is quite worn out to-night."

"I will carry some to her, May, when I go home, if you wish me to; that is, if there are any left," I added, as I watched Miss Poole's appropriation of the largest and finest ones.

"Your father looks very comfortable, Miss Poole," I remarked. "He is chewing tobacco on the back piazza, and spitting as if his life depended on it. Considerable life and energy there yet. In view of this fact, it would be kind and thoughtful in you to allow Mrs. Leslie the privilege of sending a few of the best peaches to her invalid neighbors, or even tasting them herself."

"Do n't! For pity's sake, do be quiet, Maddie!" exclaimed May, entreatingly. "There is fruit enough for all. And I dare say the child will bring more to-morrow."

Miss Martha has for years been subject to a peculiar kind of deafness. It comes on without the least warning, Miss Nancy says, and departs as suddenly. I think she must have had a slight attack of it while I was speaking, for she took no notice of my remarks, but addressed herself to May as coolly as if I had not spoken.

"I never pitied any children as I do those Browns. Not Amy in particular. I think they are all treated shamefully. I saw Mary Brown whip that mere baby this morning. As if a child of three years ever needed whipping! It is too bad. Just because they are orphans and helpless! I think the town officers should interfere. If the Lord should send sickness upon them all and take them away, it would be a mercy."

"Why don't you tell him so?"

"You shock me, Mrs. Hascall. If I were to speak so lightly of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, I should be afraid to go to sleep at night."

"Indeed!"

"As I was saying about the Browns, Mrs. Leslie, those old ladies should be seen to. No one has a right to torture others. It is so heartless to torment innocent children. Nancy has sat up night after night, crying over those orphans."

"There has been a perceptible rise of the river," I put in.

"Do n't, Maddie!" May again remonstrated.

"It was only last week, Mrs. Leslie," Miss Martha continued, "that I saw little Willie crying by the garden-wall, and I went down to ask what was the matter. I found that the rest were being treated to cake in the house, and he was obliged to go without because he had burnt one of Amy's books. The dear little fellow has all the confiding trust of childhood, and had not once thought of the injustice of the treatment he was receiving. I took him in my arms and cried with him. I told him to be a good boy, and some time he would go to live with his dear parents in heaven where there were no naughty aunts to plague little children."

"A nice lesson for a mischievous boy!" I exclaimed, a little angrily, as I thought of its probable effect on the little fellow's mind. "I think, Miss Poole, that you do not know our good neighbors."

"I know them as well as I want to," she answered, quite sharply. "I can't abide cruelty in any form. I have not called there for a long time."

"Not since the last evening in July, Miss Poole."

She looked surprised, and asked how I happened to know about it or to remember it.

"O, I remember it because I was bringing some plantain that aunt Lucy had prepared for Amy's back, and was arrested by your voice through the open window. You were telling Miss Mary that May here was partially insane, and that her husband had taken her into the country hoping to restore her reason."

May clasped my hands tightly in both of hers. Poor child! They felt like ice, and her color flushed and paled alternately as she looked eagerly for Miss Poole's denial, or some farther explanation on my part. I put my arm around her, for she trembled violently.

"Never mind it, May, love, I want you to see for yourself what this lady's friendship is worth."

"Of course," said Miss Martha, "you will prejudice her against me if you can."

"Do you remember, Miss Poole, the lecture that you got in return for your false story? And Miss Betsey's request that you would not call on them again? I felt almost ashamed of my sex till they spoke so nobly."

"Well," said Miss Poole, "it was only repeating common report."

"Tell me the truth, Maddie," said May, earnestly, "is there such a report in circulation in regard to me?"

"No, darling. At least none that is credited by any one. Has sister Nancy cried over this slander?" I asked, turning again to Miss Martha, as I rose to go home.

"I have nothing to say to you. You have always been my enemy, and if it were not for Mrs. Leslie's sake, I would not associate with you."

"And do you suppose," asked May, indignantly, "that after all this treachery I shall still treat you as a friend?"

"And allow you to eat all the best peaches and carry off the rest?" I added. I wish you could have seen how good and noble May looked as she went on to say, "I have tried to live on good terms with you and your family. I have not failed, as you know, in any little acts of kindness that have been in my power. But this evening ends our intercourse. I can overlook weakness or mistakes, but I will not tolerate deceit. If you please," said May, opening the door, "we will now wish you good-night."

Miss Poole marched out without a word. But she did n't forget to take the peaches. After I got home I sat down by the open window in my room to write to you. I was too nervous to write at first; so I leaned out of the window to watch the peaceful loveliness of the sunset and to borrow some of its bright tranquillity.

Pat, the hostler, had finished his work in the

stable and had started for home, but had met some acquaintance of his and had stopped for a chat nearly under my window. I am always attentive when Pat is the speaker.

"So it's an Advent ye call yerself, is it? I remember the ould Millerites, an' it's a chip o' that block that ye're oop to, I take it. Yees got a fresh convert to yer docthrine, an' a fine one shure," said Pat, pointing to a huge turtle that his companion was carrying by the tail. "I heerd all ye said at the meetin', lad, and mighty glib ye were, considerin' it were all lies ye were telling."

"You will find it to be truth, Pat. You will wish you had been a true believer when you come to die."

"Likely story that. What coomfort is there in belaving sich a patch o' nonsense? Ye do n't belave it yerself. It's impossible. I'd rather trust the blissed Mary with me sowl whether livin' or dyin', than to sthray after yer wild whimsies."

"But, Pat, we have n't got any souls. There is no such thing as a soul. When our little Lydia died, we had one of the Baptist ministers from Clareton to attend the funeral, because my wife could not be contented any other way. Well, he told us not to mourn, for the child was already rejoicing in the paradise of God. Did n't that man know better, think ye? There lay the child before his eyes. He knew, and I knew that it was no where else. Now, Pat, you are a sensible man, and I long to see you converted to the truth. Do you think I have a soul?"

"Well," said Pat, after carefully scanning his companion's face, "you do n't act now like you had. It's a doubtful case, shure. An' ye spake o' yerself alone I'd be loth to contradict ye, for it do seem for all the world as if the sowl were lackin', as if yer were not finished somehow. I says this to meself in your meeting. Says I, 't were wrong to judge the poor crathurs, but it's Pat that's afeared they're more than half right, an' the livin', thinkin' sowl was jist omitted. Ye spake thrue, darlins,' says I, 'barrin' there's nayther reason or sinse in a word ye are saying.'"

I did n't hear any more, for they crossed the street together, but I thought the Adventist did not relish Pat's ready assent to his doctrine.

Pat has been perfectly sober since his sad experience in millinery. He often speaks of "yer honor," and sends his "dooty" to you. Uncle bids me tell you that the novel system of grafting trees that you explained to him has succeeded wonderfully. He hopes to have some fine fruit to offer you on your return. The lindens that you planted by the brook-side, are almost trees. We ought to have a place of our own, Paul,

where young orchards might be fostered, and your skill in landscape gardening exercised. What happiness it would be for us both! Alas, that the pursuit of wealth should so hinder our enjoyment! Gold seems very trivial to me in comparison with comfort. I shall expect a letter every mail. Good-by. MADELINE.

LIFE'S ENDEAVOR.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

FEW, indeed, there are who know
How our heart's warm currents flow.
It is what we *seek* to do,
Not what we may labor through;
It is what we *strive* to be
That shall mark our soul's degree.
Oft conflicting duties rise,
One by one, before our eyes,
And we tremble and we falter
With our gift before the altar—
Leave some cup of joy untasted
For a toil that *seems* all wasted.
Ah! it is life's saddest trial
When its earnest self-denial
Still has left the good unbought
For which it so wildly sought!
But it is a discipline,
Needful for our hearts of sin,
And our days of care and pain
Surely are not spent in vain.

Still a few there be who love us—
Save the ones who dwell above us—
With that deep and pure affection
That shall never know deflection.
Such a love may be unspoken—
Give to us no outward token—
Yet its silent influence
Be our heart's most sure defense.
Something more our weakness needs
Than the love that glows in deeds.
And a soul to heaven may guide us,
Whose kind presence is denied us—
Loving, waft our spirits there
Through the power of faith and prayer.

When the toils of life are o'er
And we seek the peaceful shore,
We shall know who loved us best;
Who most sought to make us blest—
Then it will be ours to read
Both the purpose and the deed—
And it is a pleasant thought
That the soul which here has wrought
Earnestly, shall there behold
All its deeds to light unfold.
And the good you *sought* to do,
God's own hand may carry through,
Yet to greet your longing eyes
In the light of Paradise!

CONSECRATED HIGHTS.

RE-EDITED FROM DR. FERGUSON.

CHAPTER II.

MOUNT MORIAH, OR THE HEROISM OF FAITH.

AT the distance of ten generations from Noah stands Abraham, with a thousand virtues encircling his manly brow. Though brought up in the midst of idolatry, and himself a member of an idolatrous family, he was, in the arrangements of Infinite Love, chosen to be the head and the father of a people whose history is inseparable from the progress of humanity and the destiny of the world. Born in Ur, of Chaldea, which was a district in Northern Mesopotamia, and which was occupied by the Chaldees, he there received the Divine command to leave his country and his kindred, and to go whithersoever he might be led by an unseen power. From that moment his faith leaped into life and action. He entered into no cold calculation, neither allowed any selfish principle to come between him and the loud voice of duty. Having advanced as far as Haran in his journey, there his father died, and having performed for him the last offices of filial piety, he lingered not amid the shadows of the tomb and the ruins of mortality, but gathered up his spirit, and pressed forward in a hitherto untrodden path. Passing through Sichem, he came to the plains of Moreh, where God entered into immediate communion with him, and, lifting his heart into a calm, fixed, and holy trust in himself, he there renewed unto him the promise of earthly possessions and of corresponding happiness. Traveling still southward, he was at length driven by the pressure of famine into Egypt, but again returned to Canaan, and encamped at Mamre, where he fixed his residence, and built an altar unto the Lord. Lot, who, with Abraham, had left Egypt with greatly-increased possessions, pitched his tent in the Vale of Siddim toward Sodom. This vale was under the rule of five petty kings or chiefs, to subjugate whom an Assyrian force, composed of four nations, and under the command of as many princes, crossed the Euphrates, and in open conflict overcame them. For twelve years these petty States and their chiefs were kept in a state of complete subjection. In the thirteenth year they rebelled, and, though aided by the races in their nearer neighborhood, were again defeated, when Chedorlaomer, the leader of the Assyrian force, ravaged the towns, seized all the movable property and provisions, and carried the people into captivity, among whom were Lot and his family. Intelligence having reached Abraham in the plain of Mamre of the fate of his

nephew, he immediately armed his servants to the number of more than three hundred, and, having secured the services of some contiguous clans, he fell upon the conquerors by night, and succeeded in recovering both the plunder and the prisoners. On his return from this conquest, and while victory was sitting upon his helmet, he was met by Melchizedek, the king of Salem, and priest of the most high God, who hospitably entertained the conquering patriarch, and pronounced upon him his priestly benediction.

Soon after this notable triumph, he was favored with a vision, in which he received the promise of a son and heir, whose seed should be as numerous as the stars of heaven, and in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed. In the hundredth year of the patriarch's life, and contrary to all human probabilities, the child was born, the object of the father's warmest love, and in whom centered a thousand hopes. But just when the parental feeling had risen to the highest point, and when all the future stood revealed in sunlight to the eye of anticipation, was the patriarch called to give up this child of his affections in the form of a living sacrifice to God. It is true that from the day in which he received him in promise, he had been favored with such special manifestations from above as to give to his faith all the depth and the fixedness of calm assurance. He could fall back on the character and veracity of the Eternal One, and feel that the ground beneath his feet was solid rock. But who shall find words to express the shock which the father's nature sustained by the Divine announcement, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering on one of the mountains that I shall tell thee of!" Or how shall we describe the scene of Abraham taking farewell of his beloved Sarah; or of the separation of the son from the mother, who had bent over his cradle with absorbing love, and watched him up to manhood with inexpressible fondness; or of the three days' lonely journey, the simplicity and the confidence of Isaac in his converse and communication with his saintly sire, and the stern strife of the father's heart to master its emotions? We are held as by some mysterious spell. Silence here is more eloquent and more impressive than "worlds with their many words."

The command having once gone forth to offer up his son, the patriarch was shut up to submission and obedience. Never was duty made more difficult; never for the moment was human heart more crushed and broken. At the close of the day Abraham retired to rest, but sleep had forsaken his eyelids. He can think of nothing

but his child, and of the death to which he is appointed. That bright young being, whose soul was bounding with life, is to be slain, and the father's own hand is to do the deed! We can not wonder that Abraham's manly frame shook and trembled, and recoiled at the very thought; but he gathered up all his energies to meet the trial.

The morning dawned and clothed all creation with her robe of light. Abraham and his household were early afoot. The asses are saddled, and every thing is ready for departure. With a throbbing heart the husband embraces his wife, and the mother impresses her warmest kiss on the rosy lips of her son. Already they are on their way, and soon they leave the white tents of the plain in the distance. "For three weary days did Abraham journey on pressed with a single thought, crushed by one overmastering sorrow, and yet without a heart to sympathize with him. Isaac, on whose pure spirit young hopes lay like morning dew-drops, to whom life was fresh, joyous, and radiant, and the earth belted with rainbows, talked ceaselessly of the new objects and scenes that passed before them. But his delights, his innocent enjoyment, brought only a deeper shade on Abraham's brow, and if he smiled to please his child, it was a smile more painful to behold than his look of sadness. Each answer to his inquiries seemed a heartless deception, and the weary hours a mere prolongation of the mocking of his young affections, and desires, and joys. And when that son pillowed his head on his bosom at night, and Abraham, too desolate to sleep, listened to his calm breathings, methinks his purpose to slay him almost faltered; and when the morning broke over the landscape, and he watched him still in beauty by his side, the task required of him seemed too great for human strength. But the darker the hour grew, and the more fixed the irrevocable decree, the heavier he leaned on the Omnipotent Arm."*

Sustained by a power infinite and inexhaustible, he pressed forward on his journey, till on the morning of the third day, the Mount Moriah burst upon his view. Here he paused, and mused, and gathered strength. Having instructed the servants to abide where they were, he took his son by the hand, and with him ascended the rugged sides of the hill. Isaac carried the wood for the burnt-offering, while Abraham took in his hand the fire and the knife. They continued their ascent till they came to the summit; there Abraham stood silent and sad, and Isaac, as if he had caught some sudden flash

of the scene to be enacted, thus addressed his father: "Behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" As these words fell like a thunderbolt upon his heart, with quivering lips, and after a mighty effort to repress his feelings, Abraham replied, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." From that moment the deep calm and repose of acquiescence took possession of Isaac's soul, and when the father proceeded to bind this the child of his many loves, to arm himself with the instrument of death, to lift his hand nerved with mysterious strength, and was about to inflict the fatal stroke, we need not to "tell the consternation of the son's young heart," for consternation there was none. Neither are we called to "tell the pleading looks and still more pleading language and tears with which he prayed his father to spare him," for the Divine idea which filled the mind of the father now filled the mind of the child, and therefore he bowed to the will of God, and gave himself up as a willing sacrifice. But grand is the echo of the angel's voice—"Abraham! Abraham!" The patriarch bows with reverence and listens; and then came those beautiful words of grace and consolation: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." Faith rose into victory. Isaac leaped from the altar, only more tenderly to embrace a father who could make such a sacrifice, and to consecrate himself forever to the service of his God. "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son." Moment of unspeakable joy this! "Did ever father and son bend in such overwhelming gratitude before an altar as they; or did the smoke of sacrifice ever go up over two more devoted hearts than then and there went up from the top of Moriah? Faith sublime—unequaled holy faith, consecrated that mountain forever."

There are three interesting and instructive questions arising out of this beautifully-simple narrative, to which we shall do well now to turn our attention.

1. *Why was Mount Moriah chosen as the one definite spot for this unparalleled scene?* Abraham had taken up his abode at Beersheba, which was south of Hebron, and about three days' journey from the specified locality. Why might not Isaac have been offered up in Beersheba, rather than in the land of Moriah? Why not at the mouth of the well rather than on the high

*Headley's Sacred Mountains, pp. 29, 30.

of the mount? Infinite Wisdom never acts without purpose and design, and just as every act of his government is perfected by degrees, so every part of his revelation to man is gradually and progressively unfolded in adaptation to the various stages in the history of humanity. Each particular age had its own particular revelation, and so long as the race grew revelation grew. In the days of Abraham the world was not prepared for the complex and gorgeous ceremonial of the temple-service, and hence a far simpler ritual then obtained. But Moriah was the mount which God had chosen for the subsequent erection of that very temple, and from its sunlit summit were to go up the flame and the fume of sacrifice till He should come who was to put away all sin by the one offering of himself. Of this fact Moses had supernatural intimation, for in that sublime song of triumph which he and the children of Israel sung after their passage through the Red Sea, and ere yet they had entered the wilderness on their way to the promised land, we find these prophetic and poetic words:

"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance;

In the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in;

In the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established."*

And when the time came for the erection of this sanctuary, we are informed that "then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem on the Mount Moriah."† For this splendid edifice preparations had previously been made by David on the most magnificent scale; but the man whose riper years had been spent in the camp and in the field, amid the clash of arms, and the din of war, and the waste of life, was but little qualified to build a temple which was to be forever dedicated to the God of love and peace. The honor was reserved for his son and successor. Nor could any more appropriate spot have been selected. On Zion and on Acre, as two confronting hills, stood the holy city, while on the lower ground of Mount Moriah did the temple rise in its beauty and its grandeur. Though this chosen eminence lacked those physical features of sublimity which we found in connection with Ararat, no spot on earth is dearer to the memory of the Church. Its sanctuary has hightened and hallowed it to the end of time. And as we read the elaborate description given in the sacred Volume of this splendid superstructure, with its cedar walls and golden roofs richly carved with flowers and figures, its orna-

mental floor overlaid with pure gold, its golden altar with its outspreading cherubim, and table of mysterious shew-bread, its golden doors, and chairs, and candlesticks, and censers, and lamps, its brazen seas and lavers, its pillars of the same polished metal, surmounted with chapiters and capitals of the most exquisite workmanship, its pontifical robes and its instruments of music, its vails of blue, and purple, and crimson, we are bewildered and lost. As the house of the Lord, it stood alone in the beauty of its architecture, in the elegance of its furniture, in the magnificence of all its arrangements and its provisions.

2. *Why was this particular kind of sacrifice required of the patriarch?* No object can be more endeared to a man than his first-born son. Bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, he sees in him his second self, and around him all his affections closely and delightfully entwine. He is dear to him as his own soul, and to part with him is like giving up life itself. Hence the command to Abraham to take his son—his only son—and offer him up, since obedience to the command was nothing short of the man giving up his individual will to the will of God. This is the grand idea involved in all sacrifice. The very essence of sin is opposition to the one all-perfect and immutable will, while the very heart and soul of obedience must be sought in profound and everlasting submission to that will. In giving up his son—in this act of self-forgetting and self-denying obedience, the patriarch demonstrated not only how his manly spirit could bow to the authority of law, but how he could also acquiesce in the will of God, at the moment when it seemed to frustrate all his hopes, and to stand in opposition even to itself. Never did faith mount to the same glorious height. These two words revealed his inmost heart and soul—he obeyed.

To keep alive this idea of self-sacrifice in the heart of fallen humanity was the immediate aim and end of the whole Jewish economy. In the instructions given by God through Moses to the children of Israel, we find it expressly enjoined that the first-born was to be sanctified and set apart to the Lord. There was thus a constant repetition of the grand truth that what we deem of most value, and on which our affections may be more especially fixed, is to be given up without hesitation and without reserve to God, not that the object is in itself of any moment to Him whose is the earth and the fullness thereof, but because it implies the total subjection and willing acquiescence of the soul of him who offers it. This idea comes out yet more strikingly in the Christian economy. The sacrifice of Christ was something more than the depth and the extent

* Exodus xv, 17.

† 2 Chronicles iii, 1.

of his sufferings. He came not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him, and it was in giving up his own will to the will of the Father that he gave up himself. Our individuality lies in our will, and to surrender this is to yield up the whole man. If ever there take place a re-knitting of the heart to God, it is only when the heart is reduced to a state of willing subjection, and seeks to lose its own listlessness in the fullness of infinite life. Dependence implies submission, and submission carries with it the idea of obedience, and obedience is the ever-repeated expression of self-denying love.

3. *Why did the sacrifice take the form and the character of substitution?* Though the angel staid the hand of the patriarch and averted the fatal stroke from the child of his affections, the idea and the fact of sacrifice were still preserved. It would not only shock all the higher feelings of humanity, but be contrary to all that we know or can conceive of the character of the God of love, to think that our fallen race was to be left to offer the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul; and therefore to save our frail though guilty nature from this tremendous revulsion, an animal was substituted for the child. The lamb, however, must be without blemish and the first-born, and its life must be taken away, teaching man, as impressively as any material symbols could teach him, that atonement could be made only by the sinless—the preëminent—and not without the giving up of life itself. The whole Jewish ritual kept alive this truth in the mind till the coming of Christ, in whom the idea and the fact of substitution are perfected. He died, the just one for the unjust. He loved us and gave himself for us. Though he knew no sin, he was yet made a sin-offering for us. Nor otherwise could our redemption have been achieved. He alone had the nature and the resources to become the helper and the Savior of man. To the interposition of another and a mightier than ourselves we must be indebted, and such are the characteristics and the qualifications of that Redeemer whom the Gospel reveals that we may commit ourselves to his love and grace in the calm assurance of living faith.

Having thus briefly but, we trust, satisfactorily disposed of these three questions, and having seen what higher, clearer light they throw upon the nature, design, and end of sacrifice, we are now in a position to take up the grand practical truths which are suggested by this whole scene.

Nothing can be more obvious, we think, than that the faith which springs from love is the truest and most heroic of principles. Love is a principle, and not a passion. It must, therefore,

have an object in which to rest, and in the degree in which it clings to its object will be the calm confidence with which it there reposes. The warmer the love the stronger the faith, and faith is the root of all that is noble, generous, and great. If the philanthropist had no faith in humanity he would not, "profuse of toil and prodigal of life," over burning sands, and mountain rivers, and wilds of snow, force his way into every region where man and misery might be found, enter the dungeon of the criminal, make himself familiar with every form of earthly suffering, and, to relieve the sufferer, breathe most pestilential air, or expose himself to the infection of disease and the stroke of an earlier death. If the advocate had no faith in the principles of truth and justice, he would never stand forward to defend the cause of the oppressed and the wronged. If the pilot had no faith in the value of human life he would never breast the maddening surge and urge his way through the crested billow that he might save some strong swimmer as he sinks exhausted and enfeebled in the far-off wave. If the statesman had no faith in the community which he governs, and did not identify the interests of the people with his own, he would never gather up his strength and attempt, single-handed and alone, to turn back the tide of tyranny or of faction which endangers the state. If the patriot had no faith in the virtue and the welfare of the country which gave him birth, and under the shade of whose institutions he has been educated and trained, he would never bleed for its freedom and its happiness. If the warrior had no faith in the national name and the national glory, he would never take the open field of battle and rush into the thickest of the fight that he might lay low the pride of the enemy, and thus add to the nation's greatness by adding to the nation's victories. Was it not in faith that Columbus sought a passage across untried waters in search of the new world? Did not faith animate the soul of Wallace, and make him "mighty for his people?" Did not faith speed Cæsar at the Rubicon and Miltiades at Marathon? Was not Alfred great, and was not Luther wise by faith? Who has ever become mighty or memorable in whom faith did not exist? It is the principle which gathers strength by opposition.

"Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail;

A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,

And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled."

But there is a faith which looks toward God, infinitely above the faith which looks toward

man. If the Christian had no faith in God, if to him God was not the highest and the grandest of all realities, and if his soul did not there repose with unwavering assurance, there would have been neither martyr nor confessor in this our world. Much as we admire the faith of the patriot, it is a sublimer confidence far which nerves the saint to deeds of imperishable memory.

The Abbé de Rance once asked an aged shepherd, whom he found seated beneath the ample shade of a venerable oak with a book in his hand, and apparently fixed in thought, whether he should not like to be independent of circumstances so fortuitous and uncertain as those in which he was placed as the subject of poverty? With a reach of thought and a strength of faith which startled the Abbé, the good old man replied, "I look upon it that I do not depend upon circumstances, but in the great and good God who directs them." The shepherd thus stands before us as the greater man of the two. His was more than firmness—it was heroism. He was a hero, not by any force of natural courage, but by the strength and the height of a simple faith. And there are thousands who are thus heroic. Look at that unlettered peasant, who knows and only knows his Bible true, and whose soul is in daily communion with God—whose affiance is in the Divine love, and you have a man before whom a Cæsar or an Alexander recedes into distance. It is the soul that rises wholly into God, and whose trust is most fixedly placed in him, that is magnanimous in all the conditions of life. It is true that we must have faith in self to do any thing great or good, but it must be self leaning on Omnipotence. As the conviction of things not seen, faith has to do with the invisible, and in that invisible there is no point of rest till the spirit rise into the absolute and the infinite. In communion with Him faith appropriates the resources and the fullness of the Godhead, and the soul thus replenished is qualified for deeds in contrast with which the virtues of the patriot and of the warrior are common things. Nor is the heroism of this principle confined to public and conspicuous occasions. It comes out in the every-day duties, and strifes, and trials of life. It courts no vulgar gaze, and it seeks not the plaudits of this noisy world. The faith of Abraham reached its grandest height and force when he was alone. The angel of God was the only witness to its might and its mastery at the moment when, through obedience, it leaped into victory. He who competed in the Olympic race was encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses. The gladiator performed his part in the center of a

crowded and gazing theater. The warrior takes the field amid the inspiration of numbers and of music, and the hope of personal distinction; but the grandest doings of faith are away from all human observations, and are effected under no outward excitement. Abraham stands before us a truer hero and far more manly on Mount Moriah in the act of offering up his only son than Hannibal on the plains of Cannæ with Roman consuls and slaughtered hundreds at his feet. And who can tell the victories of faith in the every-day walks of life? What has it not achieved on the side of goodness and of truth? Her achievements are the grandest which have been secured on earth, and forever they will stand revealed in the light of heaven.

In itself this principle is invincible up to the last point of the possible, or to the last degree of that which comes within the range of human action. If true heroism be in the degree in which any given principle obtains and triumphs in human character and action, then it is of moment to know that our principles have in them nothing doubtful. Though we may not be able to determine their full inherent force till we are brought into circumstances which admit of their power being tested, still we should feel assured that their character is equal to every crisis and to every exigency. It is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive what the struggle was in the mind of the patriarch between the workings of parental feeling and obedience to the will of God; but when the moment came for consummating his faith in an action from which nature instinctively recoiled, the depth of the conflict rendered more illustrious the victory. As in that splendid arch which belts the heavens, and in which we see light struggling with darkness and overcoming it, so faith has to do battle with every opposing element, and, coming off more than conqueror, carries her achievements into all the glory of the future world.

We speak of degrees of faith, but faith is a unity, and as such, always exists in its integrity. It may have its stages of development, but as a principle it is immutably and forever the same. We often falter or even pause in the path of duty, and ascribe it to a lower degree of faith; but the fact is that our faith is not so much at fault as the weakness of our nature. The principle has not been allowed to take possession of our minds, and hence its imperfect manifestation. In itself divine and invincible, its outcoming is often and seriously affected by the conditions of our humanity. So reduced was the physical nature of the Savior under the pressure of his agony that he became the subject of inward fear, and offered up strong crying and tears

unto Him that was able to save him from death; and if his derived and dependent constitution thus interfered with the full development of his moral attributes, let us not think it strange if our faith be impeded in its action by the weakness and the sin of our nature. In the obedience of the patriarch it overleaped all barriers, and came out in its sublime and impressive integrity. It was impossible that Abraham could have done more to express the completeness and the divinity of the principle, and humanity felt that it could do no more.

The voice of heaven calls us to no such sacrifice. It is true that with the idea of atonement deeply rooted in their minds, there are nations even now who offer the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul. The fact of sacrifice is universal. Go where we may, even among the rudest and most barbarous tribes, there is the traditional belief of expiation. The story of Abraham offering up his son has had its counterpart in heathen mythology—has ever since been floating on the stream of time, and has found its echo in the history of all nations. It was enough to impress the nature and the design of sacrifice on the human mind by the example of his servant, till the profound idea received its consummation in the atoning death of his Son. The Redeemer having offered himself once for all, and having by that one offering forever perfected those who are sanctified, we are called to unreserved and ever-persevering obedience. Our redemption hightens unspeakably our obligations to duty, while the claims of Him who hath redeemed us may involve sacrifice, and sacrifice we must be prepared to make. We must enter into no cold, selfish, worldly calculation. There is room neither to question nor to dispute—neither to hesitate nor to pause. Let the surrender be what it may which is required of us, we have simply to bow to the will of God. And if a thousand difficulties beset our path, we must perfect our obedience up to the last possible point.

In moving along this loftier path, with its temptations, and trials, and sorrows, our fallen humanity becomes startled and surprised. We begin to inquire where we ought to be silent, and we complain where we ought to acquiesce; but willing and loving will be the submission of our spirit if faith is but allowed to have her own deep indwelling in the soul. The confidence which she inspires is truly divine, and when we are prepared to rise out of self—out of the created into the infinite and immutable—all things become possible, and every step which we take in the path of duty is like the footfall of a hero conscious of his strength and certain of his vic-

tory. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

Nor can it be denied that the triumph of this principle is followed by the deepest joy and peace of soul. Happiness is inseparable from obedience. In keeping of the Divine commandments there is great reward. And the higher the ground to which our faith rises, the more heroic its character and the more illustrious its doings, the deeper and the purer is the enjoyment of which we are conscious. No sooner had Abraham closed the mighty struggle than his spirit entered into a rest which deepened through life, which expressed itself in the calm tranquillity of his death, and which flowed into the everlasting Sabbatism of heaven. Why is it that we are not in possession of more peace and rest? Is there a true harmony between our nature and the nature of God? Does our will never rise up in opposition to his arrangements and ordinations? Is ours a holy and a sanctified resignation of spirit—a loving, cheerful, unreserved obedience? If we did but cordially fall in with the methods and the doings of our Father in heaven, did our submission reach the depth of a hearty acquiescence, how profound would be the composure of our soul!

In heaven the spirit of subjection is universal and perfect. There every will is absorbed and lost in the will of God. There is not even the shadow of contrariety between the Holy One and the countless myriads who surround his throne. Every nature is so refined and elevated as without effort to fall in with the whole plan of the Divine government, and hence their joy is enraptured and seraphic. Nor is it joy only of which they are the subjects. Their happiness is perfected in the everlasting repose and quiet of their nature. In virtue of their sinless purity they have the most intimate communion with God. The tranquillity of his mind flows into theirs; nor is it within the reach of created power to disturb the eternal peace which they partake. And in proportion as our nature is purified and conformed to the Divine likeness, such will be our consciousness. The great disturbing element, if not removed, will yet be effectually overcome, and in our total subjection to the Infinite Will and not otherwise shall we be conscious of an inward quiet and satisfaction. As the lake, whose waters sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight, is more placid and serene in proportion to the depth of the bed in which it flows, so we have but to lose ourselves in the depth of the Divine Being to be filled with the calm and the repose of eternity.

Spots connected with the triumph of principle can not but be sacred to memory. Can we sup-

pose that Noah ever forgot the mount on which the ark rose sublime above the waste of waters, or that the remembrance of Moriah was ever effaced from the memory of Abraham, or that Moses ever lost the most vivid recollection of the spot where he was favored with one of the most unique manifestations of the Divine glory, and received his official commission? Can we believe that Carmel was otherwise than ever present to the mind of Elijah, or that the Savior and his disciples ever lost their interest in the Mount of Transfiguration? And why may we not have our sacred spots? Why should we not carry the impression which we receive from scenes and places on earth into a higher and a more blessed state of being? Why should not such places and scenes come up with fresh life and beauty in heaven? If such spots are sanctified here, then the memory of them will be holy and delightful. Every man's life is a history, and the history of each has its more important epochs and events. How joyous will it be for each to rehearse his own story, and with what heightened feeling will the sympathy and the interest of all be expressed! Heaven is one grand fellowship. Pure is the love which reigns there; full and unconfined is the bliss which flows into every soul. There faith is lost in sight, and the achievements of faith stand revealed in a light which invests them with unutterable grandeur and glory.

There is but one object in which the faith of man can repose in his state of conscious guilt. The angel arrested the hand of Abraham at the very moment when that hand was lifted up to inflict the fatal stroke on the child of his affection; but God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for our redemption. The Cross exhibits the only sacrifice for sin. Christ is the only Savior of the world. We must be made holy before we can be taken into union with the Divine nature. As gold can never be made to assimilate to the dross that surrounds it—as the sunbeam can never mingle with the cold and rocky earth—so God and man can never be united till man is changed into the image of God, and God has won the heart of man.

WORK AND ITS REWARD.

It does seem as if the more disinterested any work is the less of earth it has in it, and the farther its influence reaches the less present reward it receives. Pleasant and encouraging as it may be, we are not to wait for or mourn the absence of present rewards. The mighty pressure of duty is upon us, and that well discharged, eternity's exceeding great reward is ours.

EIGHTY-EIGHT.

BY E. L. DICKNELL.

"The infirmities of age are wisely designed to sever the ties of earth. I am waiting on the bounds of a changeless clime."—88.

THIS trembling frame of mine,
This brain of wavering light and shade,
The silent power of time
A wondrous change since youth has made.

The dreams of other skies—
The joys of childhood's blessed years—
The love which true hearts prize,
Now fill these furrows with my tears.

The grave has had the crown,
The jewel of my life and hope;
The chill of fortune's frown
I've felt, and seen her smiles light up.

The precious light of eyes
From children glancing long ago,
Their lisping, sweet replies
Come still when day and pulse are low.

They come uncalled in hours
When pain has spent its with'ring force
Like dew on scorching flowers,
They soothe effect, nor reach the source.

'Tis life when all are gone,
And love when all beloved are fled;
A lone leaf ling'ring on
Above the fallen, brown, and dead.

As watchers look for day,
Or sailors strain the eye for home,
As captives wait and pray,
So wait I till my change shall come.

INVOCATION.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

O, FEARFUL spirit of the storm,
Lightly above the waters play,
And make thy softest gales for him
Whose path is on the deep to-day.

Smooth the green meadows of the sea,
Till their white spots of snowy foam
Shall wear such beauty in his sight
As blossoms on the hills of home.

And if there be one eye whose fire
Is softly veiled before his gaze,
Or one remembered smile, whose light
Is the glad sunshine of his days;

If he have had such hours of bliss
As made all other joy grow dim,
Or if he think of one whose love
Has beautified the world for him;

O, power that rul'st the realm of dreams,
About him weave a spell so deep
That these may nightly come to him
And make a paradise of sleep.

For he hath been to me a friend,
Faithful and tender, fond and true;
And I have prayed his life might be
Brighter than mortal ever knew.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS, VERMONT.

BROTHERLY love is one of the distinguishing traits of Christian excellence. It is ever the best exponent of our heavenly-mindedness. To St. Paul it was the sum and substance of those virtues, that make up the warp and woof of a religious life. It seemed to him a great central orb, and all our other virtues were mere secondary lights, shining with borrowed brightness.

As a duty, it may be inferred, from our common relationship and mutual dependency as creatures, from our equal liability to evil and capability of good, and from membership in the same religious family, and heirship to the same heavenly inheritance. Over and above these considerations of connection and dependence, it may be enforced by the authority both of the precept and example of God. This is the idea and basis of the Scriptural enforcement. "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Said our Savior, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Indeed, so clear and unmistakable is the enforcement of this duty throughout the New Testament, that no reason can be assigned for its neglect that does not lie with equal force against God's loving us.

Brotherly love is kind and long-suffering love. It is so in and of itself. This is its nature. It is never otherwise. It can not be untrue to itself. Whatever is different is not the genuine coin, but a base counterfeit. The simple idea is, that it has a long mind; that is, it is so long-suffering that the entire connection of trials, and adversities, and provocations, and whatever else of opposition and difficulty we may have to encounter, can not measure it nor reach its end. It beareth, and believeth, and hopeth, and endureth every thing; and then, as if to crown the whole in the light of description, the apostle adds, "Charity never faileth." Prophecy shall fail, tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away, but this divine principle shall survive the wreck; outliving stars and empires, and shining with undimmed splendor, when the magnificence of material creation shall be no more. All the weakness and ignorance of friends, all the malice and deceit of foes, all personal failings and besetments it patiently endures; at the same time inspiring the sufferer with an amiable sweetness, and a tender and forgiving affection. It leads the Christian in every act and condition of life the furthest possible from selfishness and a driveling illiberality of sentiment, and the nearest possible to that godlike manifestation of life,

always so interested in others' welfare, and so careful of their feelings.

It is a grace or disposition, that more than any other and all else fortifies the heart against those troublesome sensations of disquiet and envy that are excited by contrasting our deficiencies with others' excellences; or our circumstances, with the supposed superior advantages of position and attainment of our neighbors. The sources from which these disagreeable feelings arise are numerous. Some no doubt are real, but more imaginary. An envious disposition is universally odious. There is nothing in the category of human affection meaner or more justly despised. Men in all ages have stigmatized it as one of the blackest of the malevolent passions. What a mind must that be, that is ever giving birth to hideous conceptions of ill-will toward others, and often toward those who have attacked none of its rights, nor invaded one of its prerogatives. Such a feeling must ever be unnatural to the loved heart, and widely foreign to its gracious constitution. It partakes more of the rancor of demons, than of the unparalleled gentleness of Calvary, and it belongs more naturally to their fallen natures than to the disposition of the sanctified soul. Who but has felt something of this passion stirring within him; some lurking uneasiness of mind at beholding others enjoying greater worldly advantage, or a wider range of social and religious influence than himself. It is this that has imbittered the sweetness of many a disposition, and made its unhappy victim petulant and censorious. It has led to unholy ambitions and reckless struggles for unsanctified ends. It has filled the heart with groundless suspicion, deformed the noblest characters, and sundered in a day or a week, or by a single litigation, the bonds of a family or neighborhood friendship of years or generations. It has banished peace from the household, or the community, or the Church, and incarcerated the soul in the prison-house of a self-destructive slavery.

How unlike this is that holy affection of love that binds Churches, and communities, and nations in the fellowship of a universal brotherhood! It supersedes all those occasions of envy which grow out of birthright, possession, or qualification. It destroys the feeling of ill-will, which the poor often bear to the rich, and closes the mouth of the supercilious and self-conceited against mocking at mercy and judgment. It is impossible that he who loves should bear toward his brother any feeling of envy, however he may be advantaged by circumstance, or exalted by qualification. Envy and brotherly love are moral antagonisms. They can not coexist in their full exercise and development, in the same heart.

They will never commingle and intermix any more than oil and water. By an established law of God, impressed upon our affectional constitution, they are ever separated. No human nor angelic power can annul the Divine ordinance and bring them into fellowship. They clash at every point, and like two enraged combatants struggle for extermination. The one is Jacob, the other is Esau; the one contends for humanity's birthright in the soul, the other, with a false pleading and a dishonest show, is for supplanting.

This disagreement should be particularly marked by us, and we should pass over self-judgment accordingly. If we really love our fellow-creatures, it will be impossible for us to murmur or complain at any providence of God, by which they are more favored than ourselves. On the contrary, our knowledge of their blessing, so far from exciting our envy, will serve to deepen and strengthen our flow of kindly feeling toward them.

Thus, you perceive, we give to brotherly affection decidedly a positive stamp. Of negatives, we have enough; enough in the world; enough in the Church; and enough in the elements of personal religious character. We want an increment of that which is positive. Our love should be an entire and perfect body, and it should be alive. It should have hands stretched out toward the needy and laden with blessings; feet, ever ready to run on errands of mercy; ears, open night and day to the cries of the sorrowing and oppressed; a heart, that can feel sympathy for the afflicted and forsaken; and a soft, sweet voice that can utter kind words to the weary, earth-worn spirit. In short, it should be a kind of ubiquitous affection, making us in our humane and benevolent feelings quite divine.

This love is a *universal principle*. It makes us universal in our sympathies, universal in our charities, universal in our plans, opening our hearts wider and wider, till they have embraced in the boundlessness of their affection every individual of the brotherhood of man, and the interests and destinies of all. Let St. Paul's course serve as an illustration. The love of the apostle was not the effervescence of fitful feeling; it was something rooted and grounded in himself; and his unparalleled life was but the outflowing of the exhaustless fountain within; and he seemed not particular in which direction it flowed, nor who drank of its crystal stream, save that all were benefited unto salvation. He was no respecter of persons. He had no odious incense of flattery to offer for the favors of the great, and no fulsome compliments to bestow upon the ranks of honorary greatness. His love knew no

respect to showy accomplishment, and paid no fawning adulation to riches, family, or office. But, irrespective of each and all, he swept out in his love to the race, taking them into the circle of his sympathies, and granting them a place in all the affections of his own great heart. Particular attachments he no doubt had; but they only subserved the universality of his affection.

Whatever variety there might have been, in the talent and providential allotment of the Christians of his times, he made it the basis of no invidious distinction. So it must be with us. It is not sufficient that we love with a partial and divided affection those individuals who may delight us with a superabundance of noble and envious qualities. We must love the entire brotherhood; the weak as well as the strong; the poor as well as the rich; and the ignorant as well as the educated. There is no selfishness nor partiality in love. Even an enemy is no exception. There can be no circumstances in justification of our hatred. However great the disparity that may exist among men—and it is unquestionably great—it is perfect equality when compared with that which exists between God and the first created intelligence in the universe.

We would not be misunderstood. Of course there are degrees in virtue as well as vice. This is so in the nature of things; and it is so according to the moral constitution of life. All may be good, but not *alike* good. Circumstances may justify us in thinking unfavorably of some. The facts from which we are to make up our judgment, may compel us to such a course. Placed as we are, in a world of so much depravity, were we to think and speak equally well of all, we should appear to be insensible to all distinctions of right and wrong, or indifferent to such distinctions when perceived by us. Religion renders it our duty to abhor that which is evil, and many times to express our abhorrence, lovingly but decidedly. Indignation at evil is a part of the essential furniture of the pious mind, and without it the professing Christian is but half a Christian.

This affection of love is founded upon the true idea of our relations to each other and to the Universal Father; and it proceeds upon a just apprehension of our personal failings, and of our individual condition and duty. It is a native feeling, heightened and improved by Christian intercourse and divine grace. It easily relents when injured; it is in sympathy with every thing human; it is backward to inflict a wound; it is mild and merciful in spirit, unaffected and affable in behavior, ever showing kindness toward friends, courtesy and hospitality to strangers, and forbearance and forgiveness to enemies.

"Could we forbear dispute, and live in love,
We might agree as angels do above;
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men.
All of one family, in blood allied,
His gracious blood who for our ransom died;
Love as He loved who left His glorious seat,
To make us humble and to make us great,
This iron age, so fraudulent and bold,
Touched with this love, would be an age of gold."

The transition is easy and natural to the enforcement of this duty. The enemies of Christianity have had too much ground for believing that Christians hate one another. They have seemed to oppose each other's measures, to defame each other's character, and in every conceivable way to embroil their hands in each other's difficulties. As a result, they have been consumed one of another. God is jealous of his authority. He will not allow the laws of Christian intercommunication to be trampled upon with impunity. Every violation of the royal law of love is like a firebrand in the stubble, or an enemy in the camp. It is a virtual renunciation of Christianity, a total apostasy from its spirit, and a public rejection of its badge of discipleship.

There is a charity of thinking that is primary to that of speaking or acting. Our outward expressions are but the exponents of the condition of our minds. The life that is without, and that which is within, are inseparably connected. The former is the visible embodiment of the latter. The one is the ideal, the other the real.

The encomium which St. Paul bestows upon Charity is deservedly high. He places it at the head of that train of virtues which make up the aggregate of Christian life. He puts it above all languages, all mysteries, all knowledge, all prophecy, all alms-giving, all bodily penance, all hope, and even divine faith itself, and solemnly assures us that without it we are nothing.

"Though every tongue that men e'er uttered broke
From my all-eloquent lips—and though I spoke
The languages of angels—if my soul
Were not attuned to love's sweet music, all,
All were a hollow sound, an idle voice,
A bell's dull tinkling, or a cymbal's noise.

Though I could read the books of prophecy;
Withdraw the vail of heavenly mystery;
Though science led me through her various way,
And I had power, power from above, to say,
"Remove, thou mountain!" this were naught, and I
A useless nothing, without Charity.

Though thousand wretches crowded round my door,
Relieved, protected by my generous store—
Though neither flame nor sword could shake my faith,
A martyr towering o'er the fear of death—
I were no offering worthy of above,
Unless supported and impelled by love.

Love is long-suffering, generous, candid; free
From envy, pride, and self-complacency;
Benignant, and beneficent, and mild,
Pure-hearted and confiding as a child.
She mourns the ravages of vice—but sees
With holy joy truth's glorious victories.
All things she bears, with hero-courage bears,
And trusts to heaven her pleasures and her cares,
And hopes that all things hasten on to bliss,
And all endures, with such sweet hope as this.
She never fails: the prophet's sacred tongue
Shall by the hand of ages be unstrung;
Tae wonder-working gifts of heaven shall cease,
And knowledge perish in forgetfulness;
But soon shall better prospects dawn—the ray
Of twilight brightens into perfect day,
And weakness, weariness, and gloom, and night,
Give way to beauty, strength, and joy, and light."

But all the manifestations of outward charity must have their beginning within. Our thoughts are the prototypes of our actions; that is, they are what our actions would be were we undissembled and strictly conscientious. How important, therefore, that we strive against an evil-thinking mind, and watch over the embryo ideas ere they mature and take to themselves the forms of visible life! A suspicious temper checks in the bud every kind affection, and blasts and withers every flower of generous impulse that opens to shed its fragrance in the soul.

And what are the effects of such a spirit? No sooner is its sway over the heart admitted, than the understanding becomes darkened, the conscience weak, the will perverse, the judgment biased, and all the intellectual and moral faculties deprived of their natural power of discrimination. The man's thoughts haunt him, bringing perpetually before his mind those unreal and odious forms, which an unhealthy imagination creates; and a dubious surmise, or a slight displeasure rises at length into settled belief, or implacable hatred. Trifling affronts, which should have been overlooked or forgiven, are revenged at the expense of peace and a good name. The retaliation provokes a fresh outrage, and the contending parties bite and devour each other till both suffer incalculable damage.

Let all, then, "put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." It is the root of every other Christian virtue. Amiability, humanity, and Christian compassion flow from it as naturally as the stream from the fountain, or the sparkling sunbeams from the unwasting orb of day. It promotes good order and universal fellowship, and connects humanity with piety, earth with heaven, and man with God. Possessing it, it shall form the loveliness of our address, regulate the excellency of our speech, add to the sweetness of our disposition, control the recklessness of our passions, impart grace and dignity

to our deportment, and diffuse through our entire lives the counterpart of its own gentleness and tranquillity. Possessing it, we shall be formed to enjoy, as others can not, the endearments of home, the society of friends, the wonders of nature, and the pleasures of learning, and we shall be furnished within ourselves with additional impulses of joy, and grateful incentives to praise. Possessing it, our minds shall be irradiated with its light, our affections strengthened by its power, our spirits quickened by its energy, and our souls transported with its joy, and we brought into holier communion with each other, and diviner fellowship with God. "Let brotherly love continue."

DEATH.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

WHEN that hour of life-long dread
 Draweth nigh,
 Who will stand beside my bed
 When I die?
 When I die—for die I must,
 Dust will claim its kindred dust—
 Cold in drear mortality,
 Soon these pliant limbs must be;
 Now with youth and health they thrill
 Free to bear me where I will;
 Yet oblivion and decay,
 Soon or late, will claim their prey.
 Prone, insensible, and still,
 All must lie!
 Who can say without a chill,
 "I must die!"
 Ah! whose form will fade the last
 From my sight,
 Looming dimly through the fast
 Gathering night?
 What voice, tremulously sweet,
 Last my failing sense shall greet?
 Will one heart with grief o'overflow,
 Sorrowing that I must go?
 Following me with bitter wail,
 To the entrance of the vale?
 Or shall I depart alone,
 For the infinite unknown?
 None my trembling soul to cheer,
 Ere it fly?
 None to shed a single tear,
 When I die?
 Will the cold winds hurrying, rush
 O'er the snow,
 Or the Summer sunset blush
 When I go?
 Will it be when Spring moons shine,
 Or in Autumn's late decline?
 Will it be at noonday bright,
 Morning, or the dead of night?
 Who can know these mysteries?
 Ah! not I!

This I know, and only this,
 I must die.

Death! unto the mortal frame
 Thine is an abhorred name!
 All its shuddering senses flee,
 In recoiling dread, from thee.
 Yet 'tis but the flesh doth speak
 All these words so faint and weak,
 For the spirit, heaven-born,
 Strong in faith,
 Laughs thy terrors all to scorn,
 Smiles at death.

Where will be my place of rest?
 Shall I lie
 In some church-yard's quiet breast
 When I die?
 Or in some dim forest grave?
 Or beneath the deep sea wave?
 All these hidden things are known
 To the living God alone.
 With his smiles of love and light
 Even death itself is bright;
 Pleasant seems the valley dim,
 So we leave it all to Him,
 Trusting in the exalted Son,
 Strong to save,
 Who such glorious victory won
 O'er the grave.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

WHEN the tired hands relax their hold on earth,
 And weary nature sinks to rise no more,
 What time she lingers helplessly, beside
 The sullen stream that beats life's crumbling shore;
 'Tis blessed, if while earthly ties are rent,
 The soul can rest secure from dread alarms,
 And feel, as one by one the mortal props
 Give way, beneath the All-sustaining arms.
 Thus wait I, till the inundating stream
 Shall wear away the remnant of life's sand:
 What distance 'twixt me and the water's edge.
 I know not, save a narrow strip of land.
 Yet judge I, from the faint and fitful pulse,
 The nerves so wary of the slightest jar,
 The moan of waters, and the chill damp winds
 Which sweep around me, that it can't be far.
 Backward, a few choice roses grace my path,
 Their balmy odor reaches me to-day;
 A few sharp thorns from which the human shrinks,
 The waves will wash their memory away.
 Forward—a vast and glorious expanse
 Stretches afar beyond the majestic sea,
 Sweet sounds come floating over, and at times,
 As 't were, familiar voices call to me.
 Life's golden cup! O, how divinely mixed!
 We bless Him for the draught, whate'er He wills!
 Father! be thine the issue, though mine eyes
 Turn longing toward the Everlasting Hills.

ANACAONA, PRINCESS OF HAYTI.

BY FANNIE A. BARRETT.

OFTEN in the history of the world has woman taken the character of the heroine. Doubtless there has been many true heroines who have suffered, and perished in obscurity; whose names are enrolled in the mysterious book of oblivion. Others there are whose names millions have hailed with joy and emotion; whose glorious deeds and sufferings have been echoed through kingdoms and empires.

The character of whom we speak at present is that of a savage, whose childhood and youth were spent on an island of the unknown world far from the influences of civilization. She is introduced on the pages of history as the wife of the bold, ferocious, and warlike carib chieftain, Caonabo, who came to the island of Hayti as an adventurer, and by his wild and hazardous exploits became the most renowned chieftain of the island. It was he who destroyed the fortress of La Vidadad, established by Columbus at the time of his first voyage to the new world. He also burnt the village of a neighboring Cacique, who entertained friendly feelings toward the Spaniards. He is again represented as attempting to besiege the fortress of St. Tomas, erected in the center of his dominions, and commanded by Alonzo de Ojeda, but being unsuccessful was obliged to give it up. He was afterward taken captive by a stratagem of Ojeda and sent to Spain.

It was at the time of his capture that the beautiful Anacaona, being left a widow, accompanied her brother, Behechio, from the golden mountains of Cibao to the rich and beautiful country of Xaragua, whom he cherished with true brotherly affection during her great misfortunes. Behechio reigned over Xaragua, a province of considerable extent comprising almost all the coast of the west end of the island including Cape Tiburon, and extending along the south side as far as the island of Beata. It was the most populous, beautiful, and fertile country of the island, possessing a soft and delightful climate. The Spaniards pronounced it a perfect paradise, when first they visited it. It was in this beautiful province that a large town, the home of the loved and honored Anacaona and her brother, was situated not far from the coast and at the bottom of a deep bay known as the Bight of Leogan.

This savage princess was loved and adored by all throughout the island, and called the most beautiful of all the females in that vast country; the meaning of her name, which is "the golden

flower," shows how highly she was esteemed. She possessed that native dignity, ease, and grace in her deportment which alone becomes woman either in the savage or enlightened state, and indicates a superior intellect, also a noble and generous mind. She regarded the white men as supernatural beings, such as descended from "turey," or the skies, and treated them as distinguished guests, with that true politeness which is kindness and is only the offspring of the benevolent soul. All this she withheld not from them even though they had captured her proud and heroic husband; she seemed to consider it the result of his own conduct. She even counseled her own brother, over whom she had great influence, to conciliate the friendship of the whites, and thought it useless to oppose them in their attempt to colonize their noble country. She rather chose to give up their rights and habits of ease and indolence, also peaceably consented to pay tribute to the sovereigns of Spain, and with all amiableness became a subject after having been a great though savage princess. She seems to have realized the fact that wherever the white man and civilization leave their footprints, the savage, with all his glory and happiness, must flee from their approach.

At one time Bartholomew Columbus went to pay her a friendly visit and receive the tribute, which consisted of a large quantity of cotton and cassava bread, enough to fill one of their houses. He was received with great festivities, dancing, singing, marked attention, and kindness. As they approached they were met by thirty females dancing, singing, and waving palm branches, who had prepared to escort them to the residence of Behechio and his sister. After these came Anacaona, reclining on a litter upheld by six Indians. Her attire differed but little from that of the other married females, consisting of a cotton apron of various colors, a simple garland composed of red and white flowers on her head and the same around her neck and arms.

Till the arrival of the ship on which the articles of tribute were to be sent to Isabella, the Spaniards were entertained with banqueting, feasts, and games of different styles. The vessel anchored about six miles from their residence. Anacaona with her attendants and Behechio with his chieftains determined to go and see the great canoe of the white men, as they termed it. On their way, she lodged the Adelantado in a house where she preserved several articles which were rare and precious in her sight. There were various manufactures of cotton, vessels of different forms made from clay, tables, chairs, and other similar articles made of various kinds of wood and ebony and carved in a variety of ways.

Of these she made numerous presents to the Adelantado and his officer. When she first beheld the ship she was greatly delighted. She went to the vessel with the Adelantado and her attendants in the ship's boat, although her brother had provided two canoes, painted and decorated in various ways, one for himself and chieftain and the other for Anacaona and her attendants. When the salute was fired they were greatly alarmed. Anacaona, overcome with fear, fell into the arms of the Adelantado, but his kind words and laughter assured them there was no danger. When the anchor was weighed and the sails spread they were greatly affected with the sublimity of the scene; the brother and sister stood gazing at each other in silence. It seems, at that moment a gleam of the future flitted over their minds, and they saw their weakness as a nation when compared with the white men and their inevitable destiny.

"Nothing seems to have filled the mind of the most stoical savage with more wonder, than that sublime and beautiful triumph of genius, a ship under sail."

After the ship's departure for Isabella, the Adelantado returned to the Spanish settlement by an overland route. Anacaona was much grieved at his departure, for she feared they had failed to please him in their simple efforts, and even offered to accompany him to the settlement, but would not be contented till she had obtained the promise of his return, so great was her admiration and reverence for the white man.

In about three years after her affectionate reception of the Spaniards, there came to the vicinity of Xaragua a young cavalier, Don Hernando de Guevara, who had been banished from the island for his misconduct. There being no ships sailing for Spain, at San Domingo, he was sent to the province of Cahay to embark in one of the ships belonging to the squadron brought out by Ojeda, it was supposed, in search of dye-woods, and to carry the natives away into slavery. But, having arrived too late, he chose Cahay for his residence till he should receive further orders from Columbus; also, as it was near the daughter of Anacaona and Caonbo, who was just grown, and greatly celebrated for her beauty, and named Higenamota. Having been together often, there arose a mutual attachment which was favored by the mother, as he sought Higenamota in marriage. Others being jealous of the favor shown their rival by their conduct, raised a rebellion, and the admiral, Columbus, in order to subdue them, hung their ringleader and imprisoned Guevara.

Many misrepresentations being made by the enemies of Columbus to the sovereigns, a Spaniard,

named Bobadilla, was sent to Hispaniola as judge of the island, who, without an impartial examination into the government of Columbus, sent him with his brothers to Spain, as prisoners, in chains and assumed the office of Governor. The new Governor indulged the Spaniard in every excess, and compelled the chieftain to supply each Spaniard with Indians to act as slaves in working the mines and fields. The poor natives suffered greatly from the incalculable cruelties inflicted upon them. This manner of having the labor performed by distributing Indians among the Spaniards, was much contrary to the will of the sovereigns, and Bobadilla was recalled; his conduct from the time of his arrival at San Domingo having been in direct opposition to the will of the Spanish sovereigns.

Don Nicholas de Ovando was chosen to supersede Bobadilla, and for a time the natives lived at ease and enjoyed their natural indolent habits. This, however, was only for a short season; then they were again subjected to this yoke of oppression, which was increased tenfold when compared to those inflicted during the government of Bobadilla. "So intolerable were the toils and sufferings inflicted upon this weak and unoffending race, that they sank under them, dissolving as it were from the face of the earth. Many killed themselves in despair, and even mothers overcame the powerful instinct of nature, and destroyed the infants at their breast, to spare them a life of wretchedness."

At this time, Behechio being dead, Anacaona succeeded him to the government. She once showed a remarkable partiality for the white men, but now it was greatly diminished by the misery they had brought into her country. She once considered them supernatural beings, those who had descended from "turey," the skies, but their brutal profligacy and inhuman conduct toward her once happy subjects, caused her, though a savage, to see that they were far inferior to that which she first thought them. The mournful story of her beautiful daughter, Higenamota, and the love she bore the gallant cavalier, Hernando de Guevara, had caused her much sorrow; lastly, the miserable tyranny of the Spaniards, the intolerable severities to which the poor defenseless Indians were subjected, changed her great admiration for the Spaniards into the most formidable hatred.

Her indignant feelings were increased daily by the conduct of the Spaniards who had obtained grants of land in the province of Xaragua. The Indians of this country always possessed the character of the most polite, intelligent, and benevolent of all the Indians in this island; consequently, they were more likely to resent the

cruelties and oppression of the whites; sometimes quarrels ensued, and these were reported to Ovando much augmented and represented as tokens of deep-laid conspiracies. Such reports were continually carried to Ovando by some unprincipled mischief-maker, till he was convinced the province was in open rebellion, and ready at any moment to raise against their oppressors. Resolving to subdue the rebels, Ovando set out at the head of near four hundred soldiers, seventy of whom were horsemen, and the remainder three hundred foot soldiers. He held out the appearance that his visit was merely one of friendship, by which he intended to arrange the paying of tribute.

When Anacaona heard that it was the intention of the Governor to make a visit to her kingdom, she called all the principal chieftains to her residence, in order that she might receive so honorable a guest in a manner suitable to his position. As he approached, she came forth to meet him, followed by a large retinue of females dancing, waving palm branches, and singing their national ballads. She treated Ovando with great attention, and maintained that natural ease and dignity for which she was so much celebrated. She lodged him in the best and largest house in her village. The natives entertained their guests with national games, songs, and dancing, and spread before them all the luxuries their country could afford. Notwithstanding the hospitable manners they showed toward the Spaniards, Ovando still entertained the idea that Anacaona intended secretly to raise and destroy himself and soldiers. Ovando "acted upon suspicion as upon conviction;" if he had stopped to reason he would have seen the improbability of such an attempt by a body of unarmed Indians against such a force of troops armed with weapons; at the very sight of the havoc they made, the Indians had always fled. Besides, the natives of this province were not of a warlike disposition, seldom having to defend themselves against the invasions of the caribs from the surrounding islands; consequently, their warlike powers were not called into action, and they were as helpless infants in the hands of a large and powerful army of enemies, who wore the appearance of friends, unconscious of the awful destiny that awaited them. Innocence is always unarmed; judging others to be as herself, she forgets the treachery of those who surround her.

The Indians having entertained them with their national games, Ovando invited them in return to witness the same kind of amusements performed by the Spanish cavalry. One of these was the "tilting match," or "joust," which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors during

the wars when they were conquered by the Spanish.

On Sunday after dinner this "tilting match" was to begin. The horsemen had secret instructions, and in this game for the amusement of the savage princess and her chieftains, instead of the blunted lances always used in such plays, they were to use more deadly weapons. The foot soldiers also were to come armed, but having the appearance of spectators. Ovando, to prevent all suspicion on the part of the Indians of his dark design, was playing quoits with some of his officers about the time the joust was to begin. Anacaona, with her daughter and attendants, begged Ovando to order the joust to begin. Granting their request, he gave the signal, and immediately the soldiers surrounded the house in which Anacaona and her chieftains were, allowing none to make their escape. The chieftains were tortured into the confession that their much adored princess had been forming plans for a general massacre of the Spanish. This did not satisfy their thirst for vengeance on innocence, but the horsemen rushed among the common people, cutting them with swords, piercing them with lances, trampling them under the hoofs of the horses till the ground was covered with the bleeding bodies of their loyal and oppressed subjects and devoted friends. No mercy was shown to any class, age, or sex—all alike suffered the same fate. Oviedo, a friend of Ovando, states that there were forty chieftains burned.

As for their princess, Anacaona, she was carried to San Domingo a prisoner; a mock trial was given her, and she was found guilty from the confessions wrung from her subjects by the horrible tortures which were inflicted upon them by their merciless butcherers. She was then shamefully hanged in the presence of a people she had so much admired and befriended.

Oviedo has hoped and attempted to throw a blemish on her character, but writers of much greater authority and cotemporary with him all agree in representing her as wonderful for natural ease, grace, dignity, and propriety in deportment. Her noble and benevolent spirit is made manifest in her generous treatment of the Spaniards, although her husband, the bold and heroic Carnbo, had suffered and perished in their hands. She was loved and even adored by her subjects, and it is said she held a sort of influence or dominion over them during her brother's lifetime. She is said to have composed many of the areytos or legendary ballads, and it is most likely to have been through her agency that the superior degree of refinement was produced, for which the inhabitants of Xaragua were celebrated. After so many more favorable opportunities to

destroy the whites, she is charged of making the absurd attempt to attack a large force of troops armed with European weapons by a body of unarmed and naked Indians. So perished the Indian princess, Anacaona, by the hands of a people she had admired, befriended, and maintained.

COPERNICUS.

BY REV. W. G. STONEX.

IN every generation there have arisen those who, from their intellectual superiority, have acquired for themselves the reputation of being the great men of the age. Those who are justly entitled to this appellation have been the world's benefactors, and the debt of gratitude due to them, as it is lasting, can not easily be repaid.

The name of Nicolas Copernicus has come down to us from a former period, and it is undoubtedly destined to be handed down from one century to another so long as the human race shall exist. His reputation is founded on his discovery of the solar system; but his moral excellences were also such as, in combination with his genius, have invested his name with a grandeur that must ever render it attractive.

As the contemplation of the character of the wise and good tends, invariably, to awaken desires for the acquisition of these qualities, so no one, surely, can survey the life and acts of this eminent philosopher without experiencing longings to excel in knowledge and virtue. He was born in the year 1473, on the banks of the memorable Vistula, at Thorn, in Polish Prussia. At an early age he gave evidence of possessing more than ordinary talents, and his uncle, the distinguished Bishop of Ermeland, observing the vigor of his intellect, placed him, at a proper period, in the University of Cracow. Here he commenced the study of medicine, and having successfully prosecuted it he received the accustomed honorary degree. The department of knowledge, however, most congenial with his inclination was mathematics, and this study—embracing also that of astronomy—he pursued with constant and increasing interest. The great Pythagoras, whose mere opinion was in former ages regarded as no mean authority, had taught that the first step toward wisdom was an acquaintance with mathematics; and, whatever might have been his explanation of this doctrine, those who were governed by his instructions would not fail to be impressed with the importance of becoming proficient in this science. Copernicus listened with intense interest to the lectures of Professor Brudzewski, and he aspired to equal those who

had as mathematicians acquired the greatest celebrity.

In order that he might be favored with the instructions of the ablest masters in astronomy, he in his twenty-third year went to Italy. The renowned Dominic Maria, of Bologna, became his preceptor, and the equal ardor that burned in the heart of each to acquire knowledge, originated a friendship as cordial as it was enduring. He subsequently went to Rome, where he taught the exact sciences, and still further prosecuted his astronomical studies.

From this city he at length returned to his own home; and the worthy Bishop of Ermeland appointed him prebendary of the Cathedral at Frauenburgh, while the citizens of his native place nominated him archdeacon of the Church of St. John.

Such was his assiduity in the pursuit of knowledge that his forty-third year found him in the possession of an enviable reputation. The aspirant of learning venerated him as an oracle of wisdom; and those who were learned, sought for their own improvement his society, and considered themselves honored by having secured his friendship. Thus, as by day his mountain home was the resort of those whose conversation gave a charm to his existence, so at night he experienced an additional world of pleasure in acquiring knowledge from the contemplation of the starry heavens.

The opinion that prevailed in the age of Copernicus, relative to the planetary system, was that which about twelve hundred years previously had been inculcated by Ptolemy, and was known as the Ptolemaic theory. This astronomer regarded the earth as the center of the universe, and that the sun, planets, and stars revolved around it. Different ingenious conjectures were offered in order to remove, as far as possible, the obvious difficulties this theory created. Copernicus was led to question its correctness. It was evident that the earth was not a central body to the planets, and it was impossible for him to believe that they would revolve around an orb that was not in the center of their orbits. He saw that, admitting the received opinion, all was complexity if not utter confusion in the planetary system, and the more he reflected the stronger were his doubts. Other theories, he knew, had in former ages been advocated, and these he fully investigated. Pythagoras, who flourished between five and six centuries before the Christian era, maintained that the earth is not without motion—that it is one of the planets which make their revolutions about the fiery sphere—and that it is likewise a globe admitting of antipodes. Aristarchus, two centuries after this philosopher,

had with more distinctness maintained that the earth moved round the sun, and revolved about its own axis. Not a few had insisted upon this as being the true theory. When, therefore, Copernicus is styled "the discoverer of the solar system," it is not meant that he brought to light that which was entirely unthought of by any who had lived before him. But few, if any, of those who rank as discoverers have been the first who have evolved the subject with which their names became inseparably connected. Others have reflected and even made discoveries which have directed the thoughts and influenced the judgments of these celebrities; and these, consequently, were greatly their debtors. Copernicus, in his dedication to the Pope, referred to some of the philosophers who had partially, at least, unfolded the theory that it was his good fortune to elaborate more fully.

So convinced was he of its correctness that he did not hesitate to characterize the then prevalent theory as an erroneous one, and those who, on Scriptural grounds, might array themselves against it, as ignorant babblers. As he contemplated the planetary orbs sweeping onward, according to his view, in their far-extended paths, forever revolving with undiminished speed around their great center, the magnificence of the Divine plan stirred his emotions. "By no other arrangement," he exclaimed, "have I been able to find so admirable a symmetry of the universe, and so harmonious a connection of orbits, as by placing the lamp of the world—the sun—in the midst of the beautiful temple of nature as on a kingly throne, ruling the whole family of circling stars that revolve around him."

"Behold," he tremulously wrote, "the work of the greatest and the most perfect artisan; the work of God himself." He was earnestly solicited to give speedy publicity to his writings. The Bishop of Culm, and also the Cardinal Schonburgh joined in this request. But he withstood their solicitations, conjecturing that it would be more judicious to introduce his system to the public in some less obtrusive way.

In the year 1540 he permitted Professor Rheticus to publish a succinct account of his theory, and the evidence by which it was substantiated. This publication came before the world without any attached signature, and was presented in order to ascertain, as far as possible, how the public in general would stand affected toward the discoverer and discovery. Whatever might have been the feeling of aversion there were no open demonstrations, at this time, made against either, and this induced Rheticus, the following year, to issue in his own name a second edition. About this time Erasmus Rheinbald published a work

at Wittemburgh, in which he gave utterance to his regrets at the sad degeneracy of the science of the age. Another Ptolemy, he declared, was demanded to come forward as its restorer. Alluding to Copernicus and his discoveries he intimated that, in all probability, he would be found to be the person who should accomplish this great task; and that although the then present generation might regard him with indifference, yet succeeding generations would duly appreciate his genius and his labors.

This honorable notice of himself, together with the apparent silent acquiescence of the public, induced Copernicus to withhold the publication of his writings no longer, and he accordingly placed them in the hand of his friend and admirer, Rheticus, who, at the expense of Cardinal Schonburgh, gave them to the world.

Mankind invariably receive new truths with reluctance. As they more or less conflict with the received opinions they are discarded as false, and the discoverer of them can not escape the charge of being a visionary innovator; nor will he fail to find his motives as well as his judgment severely questioned. Copernicus, knowing that superciliousness and bigotry are concomitants of ignorance, had not supposed that, however obvious were his demonstrations, he would pass the public ordeal entirely unscathed; and he therefore, in the dedication of his work to the Pope, said, "Your authority, and your love of science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny." The simple announcement that his writings were about to be published, caused the storm of violence to gather; and when it burst forth in all its fury it so far exceeded his apprehensions, that both he and his friends contemplated it with amazement. It was evident they had mistaken the previous quiet of the public; it was indicative of neither indifference nor assent. His theory was regarded as so novel that it was difficult to decide in what light it should be considered; and not knowing in what estimation it should be held, it was no less difficult to determine upon the line of policy to pursue with regard to it. But now they hesitated no longer. Philosophers and priests united with the people to hurl upon him the bitterest invectives. His motives were impugned, and he was charged with aiming at the utter overthrow of science and religion. He was denounced as a madman, a heretic, and infidel.

The pulpits fulminated their fiercest anathemas against him; and the multitude, in conso-

nance with these examples, lavished their curses upon him in the streets. In addition to all this it was decreed, not by the uncultivated masses, but by the University of Nuremburgh, that the welfare of society demanded the destruction of the unpublished manuscript.

On three different occasions the students attempted violently to enter the printing-office. Failing in this, they endeavored to involve the whole in flames. The friends of Copernicus were compelled to guard the entrance of the building day and night; and the workmen labored as assiduously as possible with one hand, while in the other they held a weapon of defense. Through the connivance of a compositor the manuscript at length fell into the hands of the infuriated bigots, and it was burned with every demonstration of triumph in the public square; but, fortunately, not till the whole had been put into press.

The home of this truly-great man, while devoid of all elegance, had not been the resort of the wise and eminent only. There gathered into it every day the destitute and diseased. To the former he distributed alms; to the others he gave medicines and advice. No desolate or burdened souls crossed his threshold without, if it was in his power, leaving with hearts much lighter than when they entered. Those whose afflictions prevented their coming to him did not hesitate to request his personal attendance; and such solicitations always met with a ready compliance, and he blended, with his gratuitous favors, his prayers and benedictions. Thus while the more elevated found in him an instructive associate, the lowly, and even the outcast, approached him as a sympathizing benefactor and friend.

The dark hues that have invariably shaded the human heart, have often been varied by bright scintillations of religious excellence; and of all those who have ranked as the most worthy of their race none are entitled to a higher degree of consideration than this Christian divine and philosopher. Having labored with a solicitude that the weight of seventy years had not diminished, to "do good unto all men," and at the same time presenting to the world a life as free from blemish as man ever presents, was it not a reasonable expectation on his part that, let the public verdict be what it might with reference to his philosophical views, his character and age would sufficiently shield him from open insult? So he thought.

At the time when the outbursts of violence were raging against him in all their force, a serious accident, threatening the lives of several poor laborers, occurred at Frauenburgh. Copernicus was sent for; and hastening from his residence at Wernica, he rendered them all the

assistance that was demanded. As he was returning, crossing the public square, the uproarious merriment of a crowd arrested his attention. Looking for the cause of this he saw that a temporary observatory was erected, and that there were contained in it a number of burlesque astronomical instruments. There stood in the midst of these an old man, who, in costume and appearance, instantly convinced Copernicus that he himself was there represented. The imitation was exact; but there were such ridiculous appendages to the ears of that personage as greatly excited the mirth of the spectators. In close proximity to this character stood another who represented Satan. The first was shown to be so completely subservient to the latter that, in a half-idiotic manner, he stood repeating the words and performing the actions that Satan said and performed. The entire farce was divided into four different scenes or acts. In the first, the mock philosopher sacrilegiously burned a copy of the Scriptures, placed his feet upon a crucifix, and then voluntarily gave himself to Satan. In the second, he explained, in most ludicrous style, the movements of the solar system. In the third act Copernicus was ridiculed as a pedant in learning, a mere pretender in medicine, and a designing hypocrite in philanthropy and religion. In the last act he was represented as one doomed to bear the severest anathemas of the Almighty and mankind; and at the end, Satan, enveloped in a cloud of sulphureous smoke, dragged him down to perdition—dooming him, in view of his having turned the world upon its axis, to remain forever with his head downward.

Ridicule is a weapon that, when skillfully handled, cuts to the very quick; and yet it is one that is used only by the low and despicable. It was the misfortune of this eminent man to be extremely sensitive; and such natures are especially vulnerable to its strokes. While he looked upon this burlesque his heart was stirred as it never had been before. It might, perhaps, have somewhat mitigated his deep anguish if, at that moment, it had occurred to him that other great and good men had, like himself, seen their labors and themselves held up to the public derision. Scarcely was any man ever influenced by a nobler purpose than the eminent Athenian sage. Yet after having for many years devoted himself to the promotion of the public welfare, he saw, by the farcical exhibition of his person and teachings, a vast assembly moved to excessive laughter. But Socrates, knowing as he did, that the exhibition, as it gratified the audience, of necessity excited their aversion and even contempt against himself, so far controlled his feelings as to rise from his seat and remain standing, with

apparent indifference, till its termination. Copernicus could not thus control his emotion. The boisterous shouts of mirth fell like death-knells upon his ear. He looked upon the jubilant spectators with eyes moistened with tears, and he was still more overwhelmed with confusion and sorrow by perceiving that not a few of those who were the most gratified by the spectacle, were those who had for years partook of his hospitality, and who lived in his affections as children. When he saw this his heart sank within him, and he fell lifeless to the earth. He had only sufficient strength remaining to request that he might be carried to his home.

His labors and sorrows were now almost ended. A short time, however, before his spirit took its departure, a courier, who had hastened with all possible dispatch from Nuremburgh, approached him, presenting him with a book. This was a copy of his own immortal work, entitled, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*." A smile of gladness illumined his countenance, for this was to the dying sage a moment of indescribable joy. He turned over the leaves and looked upon the pages. But the lamp of life was burning more and still more feebly, and nature was fast sinking; soon the volume fell from his hands. As it lay beside him, he was heard to say, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace," and his spirit passed away to its desired rest. Scarcely had his remains been deposited in the grave before the Vatican hurled its thunders against the philosopher and his writings. He was doomed to perdition as an apostate and infidel. His philosophy was condemned as heretical and dangerous; and only forty years have elapsed since this malediction has been removed. Thus for nearly three hundred years the soul of this eminent man—according to the Papal dogma—endured the torments of purgatory for teaching doctrines that have long since been regarded as unquestionably true.

At Cracow, through the munificence of Count Sierakowski, a monument has been erected to his memory. Inscribed upon it is this significant sentence: "Stand still, O Sun! thou canst not be moved!"

The intelligent world has long since placed a proper estimate upon his character and labors, and thus the prediction of Rheinbald has been fully verified.

EDUCATION.

THE aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE beautiful and expressive portrait which adorns this number is that of one of the most distinguished female poets of the age. Her maiden name was Barrett. She was born in London in the year 1809, and was married in 1846 to Robert Browning, who was also a poet and dramatic writer of some note, though his fame seems to have been almost totally eclipsed by the superior endowments of his gifted wife. The circumstances of their marriage were quite poetic. In her poem—"Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—Miss Barrett paid a delicate compliment in this poem to Robert Browning. He called to thank his sister poet, and by the mistake of a new waiting-maid, was admitted directly into her sick room. She had been feeble from childhood and long sickness, from which her recovery was many times despaired of, followed upon the rupture of a blood-vessel. When Mr. Browning made his unexpected entry it was at once into her sick room and her life. His presence revived her as no physician had done; she grew daily better as he renewed his calls, and at length she received at once her discharge from the sick-list and the hand of Robert Browning.

Mrs. Browning is thoroughly versed in classical learning; her acquirements in science and literature are also large and varied. In fine, all her earlier years were devoted to the cultivation of her mind, that she might be thoroughly equipped for the use of those peculiar gifts with which God had endowed her. To the same end also have her later years been devoted.

In the dedication of the first volume of her poems to her father, there is delicate allusion to these early labors. It is coupled with a still more delicate expression of filial love and gratitude. Indeed, the whole dedication seems to unveil the entire character of the writer, and place it before us in a most charming light: "When your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you, who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world; nor would it be possible for us to speak of it to one another with voices that did not falter. Enough that what is in my heart when I write thus will be fully known to yours.

"And my desire is that you, who are a witness how, if this art of poetry had been a less earnest

object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day—that you, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them every day—that you, who hold with me over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one name—may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if, indeed, I were a child again, to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile, and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection."

There are few passages in our language of more exquisite delicacy, or which reveal a more genuine sensibility of heart.

A chastened melancholy pervades many of the poetic effusions of Mrs. Browning. This may have been occasioned by her own feeble and uncertain health, being compelled, on account of bursting of a blood-vessel, to seek the relief found only in a more genial clime. This deep, melancholy pathos finds expression in her poem on "Cowper's Grave."

"It is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.
O, poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing!
O, Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O, men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!
And now what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory;
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because so broken-hearted."

At the end comes in beautifully the strong relying faith of the Christian:

"Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?"

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
Th' atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul—
That *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From his own essence rather,
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father;
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken—
Went up single, echoless,
'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the holy lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!"

Professor Wilson once said that poetry was "intellect colored by the feelings." This definition is no less beautiful than concise. The basis is found in the intellectual nature; the emotional is superadded; it comes in to give roundness and finish, to impenetrate and make fervid with life. It does not admit of the feelings preponderating over the intellect, for they are to be its adjunct. We know of no female poet who more truly answers to this definition than Mrs. Browning. Her early years for the most part were spent in a sick chamber. Here she was excluded from companions of her own sex. The Greek poets became her playmates, and her genius received much of its direction as well as development through their influence. Hence that peculiar masculine force in which strength claims precedence of polish.

From "The Drama of Exile" let us take a passage describing the effects of "the Fall:"

"On a mountain peak
Half-sheathed in primal woods, and glittering
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
A lion couched—part raised upon his paws,
And his calm, massive face turned full on thine,
And his mane listening. When the ended curse
Left silence in the world—right suddenly
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,
As if the new reality of death
Were dashed against his eyes—and roared so fierce—
Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear—
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills
Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the vales
Precipitately—that the forest beasts,
One after one, did mutter a response
In savage and in sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges."

Take another passage from the same poem:

"Eternity stands always fronting God;
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes

And grand, dim lips that murmur evermore—
 God, God, God! while the rush of life and death,
 The roar of act and thought, of evil and good,
 The avalanches of the ruining worlds
 Tolling down space—the new world's genesis .
 Budding in fire—the gradual humming growth
 Of the ancient atoms and the first forms of earth—
 The slow procession of the swathing seas
 And firmamental waters—and the noise
 Of the broad, fluent strata of the pure airs—
 All these flow onward in the intervals
 Of that reiterated sound of—God!
 Which word innumerable angels straightway lift
 Wide on celestial altitudes of song
 And choral adoration, and then drop
 The burden softly, shutting the last notes
 In silver wings. Howbeit in the noon of time
 Eternity shall wax as dumb as death,
 While a new voice beneath the spheres shall cry,
 God! why hast thou forsaken me, my God?
 And not a voice in heaven shall answer it."

Had any of the above lines been found among the productions of the master poets of the English language they would not have seemed out of place. There is a strength and loftiness of imagination as well as a vivid picturesqueness in these descriptions unattained by any ordinary mind.

As a reflected image of her own genius and mission, or at least of what she would fain have that genius and mission, we cite her own views of the elevated and holy office of the true poet: "An irreligious poet," says Burns, meaning an undevotional one, 'is a monster.' An irreligious poet, he might have said, is no poet at all. The gravitation of poetry is upward. The poetic wing, if it move, ascends. What did even the heathen Greeks—Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar? Sublimely, because born poets; darkly, because born of Adam and unrenewed in Christ, their spirits wandered like the rushing chariots and winged horses, black and white, of their brother-poet, Plato, through the universe of Deity, seeking if haply they might find Him; and as that universe closed around the seekers, not with the transparency in which it flowed first from his hand, but opaquely, as double-dyed with the transgression of its sons, they felt though they could not discern the God beyond, and used the gesture though ignorant of the language of worshiping. The blind eagle missed the sun, but soared toward its sphere. Shall the blind eagle soar, and the seeing eagle peck chaff? Surely it should be the gladness and the gratitude of such as are poets among us, that in turning toward the beautiful, they may behold the true face of God."

The poems of Mrs. Browning demonstrate how constantly and how clearly she has kept this sublime ideal before her. In her strength of in-

tellect, and a wide and varied knowledge acquired from classic models, are combined with a deep religious fervor and an abiding religious faith.

Her sympathies have always been on the side of popular liberty. This is illustrated not only in her noble words of sympathy for struggling Italy, but in numerous poems and in passages almost without number. The "Cry of the Children" is a forcible illustration of this. It purports to be the cry that comes up from the hearts of the children compelled to toil in the mines and factories of England. It is a sad picture, glowing alike with sympathy and with indignation. The stanzas annexed lose some of their force by being detached from their connection, yet they can not fail to touch the heart from which the last drop of human feeling has not been expressed by its flinty hardness:

"Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
 Death in life as best to have;
 They are binding up their hearts away from breaking
 With a cerement from the grave.
 Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
 Sing out, children, as the thrushes do;
 Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty,
 Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
 But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows
 Like our meadows anear the mine?
 Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
 From your pleasures fair and fine.

'For O,' say the children, 'we are weary,
 And we can not run or leap;
 If we cared for any meadows it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
 We fall upon our faces trying to go;
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
 For all day we drag our burden tiring
 Through the coal-dark underground,
 Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories round and round.

'For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
 Their wind comes in our faces,
 Till our hearts turn—our head, with pulses, burning,
 And the walls turn in their places;
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
 Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning all the day, and we with all;
 And all day the iron wheels are droning,
 And sometimes we could pray,
 "O, ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning.)
 "Stop! be silent for to-day!"

We can add only the last stanza:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high places
 With eyes turned on Deity.
 'How long,' they say, 'how long, O, cruel nation,

Will you stand to move the world or a child's heart,
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path;
 But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
 Than the strong man in his wrath."

Alas, that those "child's sobs" should still continue to go up from the deep, dark mines and the bustling manufactories of the mighty nation which claims a proud preëminence in civilization! Their cry is, "How long? how long?" It must penetrate the heart and stir the hand of the Omnipotent. The revelation of life in the coal mines of England is still a disgrace to humanity, notwithstanding the efforts to ameliorate it. Scarcely less sad is the story of life in her manufactories. But, thank God, there are hearts—noble, gifted hearts—that weary not in toil for their deliverance.

The sonnet is one of the most difficult kinds of metrical compositions, requiring the highest exercise of the poetic art. We conclude our selections with a quartette of the latter class of compositions:

THE SERAPH AND POET.

The seraph sings before the manifest
 God-One, and in the burning of the seven,
 And with the full life of consummate heaven
 Heaving beneath him, like a mother's breast
 Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest,
 The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven
 Before the naughty world, soon self-forgiven
 For wronging him, and in the darkness prest
 From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,
 Sing, seraph, with the glory! heaven is high;
 Sing, poet, with the sorrow! earth is low;
 The universe's inward voices cry
 Amen" to either song of joy and woe—
 Sing, seraph—poet—sing on equally!

BEREAVEMENT.

When some beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay
 The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
 Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
 And I, astonished, fell, and could not pray—
 A thought within me to myself did say,
 "Is God less God that *thou* art left undone?
 Rise, worship, bless him in this sackcloth spun,
 As in that purple!" But I answered, Nay,
 What child his filial heart in words can lose
 If he behold his tender father raise
 The hand that chastens sorely? can he choose
 But sob in silence with an upward gaze?
 And *my* great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
 Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice that was to you
 Both sound and sweetness faileth suddenly,
 And silence, against which you dare not cry,
 Aches round you like a strong disease and new—

What hope? what help? what music will undo
 That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
 Not reason's subtle count. Not melody
 Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew.
 Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
 Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
 To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
 Self-chanted, nor the angel's sweet All hails
 Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
 Speak thou, availing Christ, and fill this pause

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet
 From out the halleluiahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

The longer poems of Mrs. Browning are, A Drama of Exile, The Seraphim, Prometheus Bound, A Vision of the Poets, The Poet's Vow, Casa Guidi Windows, and Aurora Leigh. The best American edition of her poems was that issued by C. S. Francis, of New York, in 1857. It was printed under the sanction of the author in three beautiful "blue and gilt" volumes. Since then Mrs. Browning has sent forth fugitive pieces enough for a fourth volume, and we hope ere long to see it added to her collection. She is one of the few of whom much can be said in praise, but little in blame. A lack of finish, which the critic may discover in some of her verses, is amply atoned for by their royal strength. Her intensity of feeling is enriched with the acquisitions of great and varied knowledge, and regulated by a sound judgment and a strong will, while over all is spread the sunshine of a loving heart and a living faith.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

Since the foregoing was in type, the arrival of the foreign steamer brings the intelligence that this gifted poetess is no more. She died in Florence, June 29th, at the age of fifty-two. We have as yet no particulars of her death. In her death Italy has lost one of its most devoted, liberty-loving friends, and universal freedom its noblest poet-advocate. As a poet her sex has furnished none greater. True, noble, gifted, pure, the melodies to which she has given utterance are for the coming ages as well as for the present. "Daughter of Shakspeare," farewell! Thy harp has been tuned anew in the paradise of God.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Gallery.

PISGAH; OR, A PICTURE OF LIFE.—“*And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan.*” Deut. xxxiv, 1-7.

Of all the world's great men Moses is the greatest. He is the historian of the creation: his pen detailed the remodeling of this planet as a suitable habitation for man, the origin of the race, and the stirring and extraordinary events that transpired in the first stages of human history. He was the legislator, not of a district or a class, but of the world. His code embodied principles on which all governments should be based, to which all men are amenable, and by which all are to be judged at last. He was the conqueror of Egypt's proud monarch: he broke the iron rod of the oppressor, freed his race from a crushing and ignominious thralldom, and became the founder of the most glorious commonwealth that ever appeared on the stage of time. He was an eminent type of the Son of God; and, ages after his departure from the world, he appeared with Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, and talked with Christ about the death that he should accomplish at Jerusalem. From no man did there ever issue such a deep and ever-swelling stream of influence as from Moses. His name figures in all literature, floats in the traditions of heathens, is a household word in all Christendom, is dear to all the good on earth, and mingles with the songs of heaven.

We are brought by this narrative to the last hours of this great man's earthly life. He delivers, in the plains of Moab, his valedictory address to the assembled tribes. Connection with them being now dissolved forever, he wends his lonely way up the mountain of Nebo, from whose majestic heights he was to survey the goodly land, and then “lie down to die.” When he had reached the point which commanded the best view of the promised land, called Pisgah, the Lord appeared to him and “showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphthali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.”

We might use this interesting incident to illustrate the last privileges of the good. Here is a glorious vision in death. As the earthly Canaan was now brought under the bodily eye of Moses, the heavenly is often unfolded to the spiritual eye of the Christian in death.

How enrapturing are the prospects which are often outspread to the vision of the good man in the last hour! Here is Divine fellowship: God was with Moses. So with the good man in death. “Yea, though I walk through the valley,” etc.

But we intend using this incident for another, and perhaps a more practical purpose, as a picture of life Here we have—

I. LIFE ENDING IN THE MIDST OF LABOR. When, from Pisgah's heights, the promised land lay outstretched before the eye of Moses, he must have felt that his work was far from completed. The tribes were to be conducted over the rolling Jordan; Jericho, with its massive defenses, was to be taken; the aboriginals were to be exterminated; the land divided among the tribes; and the theocracy fully organized. But he must die. Ah! thus it is ever with us. Men, for the most part, die in the midst of their labor; but few, if any, in the last hour, feel that they have finished their work—done all they might have done, ought to have done, or purposed doing. The farmer leaves his field half plowed; the artist dies with unformed figures on the canvas; the tradesman is cut down in the midst of his merchandise; the statesman is arrested with great political measures on his hand; and ministers depart with many schemes of instructive thought and plans of spiritual usefulness undeveloped. If men die thus in the midst of labor we infer—1. That there should be cautiousness as to the work pursued. There are trades, professions, and departments, of secular action that are very lucrative but unrighteous. It is a sad thing to die in the midst of unholy labor. 2. Earnestness in the prosecution of their calling. Our time is short; therefore, “whatsoever our hands find to do,” etc. 3. Attention to the moral influence of their labor, both on themselves and others. We should make our daily labor a means of grace: every secular act should express and strengthen those moral principles over which death has no power. All labor should have but one spirit, and that spirit the spirit of goodness—the life and happiness of the soul. Let there be one spirit, one great thought in all our labor, and then it will be everlastingly profitable to us. “For the deep, divine thought demolishes centuries and millenniums, and makes itself present through all ages.”

II. HERE IS LIFE ENDING IN THE MIDST OF EARTHLY PROSPECTS. The promised land—which had often passed before the imagination of Moses, buoying up his spirit amid the trials and vexations of the wilderness—now expanded in all the charms of reality before him; but into those lovely scenes he was not to enter. He should not tread those hills, or walk those flowery

meads. The imagination spreads out to most mortals bright prospects of worldly good; presents a sphere of "good things to come;" for "man never is, but always to be blest." This is especially the case with youth. How bright and glowing is their "promised land" of vision! Most die on some Pisgah, in the midst of prospects of earthly good they will never realize. If men die amid prospects of good they never realize, then, 1. Human aspirations after the earthly should be moderated; and then, 2. Human aspirations after the spiritual should be supreme.

III. HERE IS LIFE ENDING IN THE MIDST OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." There was yet a manly strength in limb, and a brightness in his eye. How large a proportion of the human family die in this state! "One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet." "His breasts are full of milk, and his bones are moistened with marrow." Death at any time is painful—painful when the physical machinery has worn itself out: when the senses are deadened, the limbs palsied, and the current of life flows coldly and tardily in the veins. But far more painful is it when it comes in the midst of manly vigor and a strong zest for a prolonged existence.

Does not this view of life—ending in the midst of important labor, bright earthly prospects, and manly strength—predict a higher state of being for humanity beyond the confines of the grave? Yes! we shall live again to work out all our plans, and new ones form to be worked out anon; to enter every "promised land" of hope—

"Enjoy their ambrosial fruit,
And the sweet fragrance of their soul-inspiring air,
And die not till our deathless powers shall fade and faint."

THE AWAKENING HOUR OF CONSCIENCE.—"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." Dan. v, 5, 6.

This chapter develops two solemn facts, deserving the most solemn attention: 1. That neither the revolutions of time nor the opposition of man can hinder the fulfillment of the Divine word. Upward of one hundred and sixty years before the catastrophe recorded in this chapter had taken place, the overthrow of Babylon had been predicted, with all the minute details of the sad event. Up to the very hour probabilities seemed against such an occurrence. Babylon, with its high and massive walls, its lofty towers and broad ditches, on the last morning, seemed well defended, and truly impregnable; but now, even when the king and his court appeared the least apprehensive of danger, Cyrus and his army were turning off the Euphrates and making their way into the heart of that empire which heaven had foredoomed. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." Thus his word will ever be realized. Ages may transpire, but the Eternal forgets it not: mountain obstacles may oppose, but the Almighty will level them with the dust. 2. That at the period when men fancy themselves most secure, the peril is frequently the most imminent. Probably, in the midst

of the revelings of that night, many a contemptuous joke was passed as to the futilities of all invading projects.

But the words before us direct our attention to the awakening hour of conscience, and we infer from them,

I. THAT IT IS AN "HOUR" THAT MUST DAWN ON THE MOST OBDURATE NATURES. There are two classes of dormant consciences: those that have never been aroused—infants and savages, and those that have been partially quickened but deadened again—seared. There is an hour for the awakening of each—even the most lethargic. It was so now with Belshazzar.

II. THAT IT IS AN "HOUR" INTRODUCED BY A DIVINE MANIFESTATION. There "came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." It was very quiet: no lightning flashed, no thunder pealed, but the gentle movements of a mystic hand. It was very unexpected: it was in the midst of the gladness, when the tide of festive joy ran high. It was very palpable: there was no way of ignoring it. It moved against the light of the candlestick. It is in this quiet, unexpected, and palpable manner, that God frequently brings that idea of himself into the soul, which ever rouses the conscience.

III. THAT IT IS AN "HOUR" ASSOCIATED WITH GREAT MENTAL DISTRESS. "Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." Two things are observable here: 1. The influence of an awakened conscience upon "thoughts." Our thoughts are governed by different principles. Sometimes *intellect* controls them; sometimes *imagination*, sometimes *avarice*, sometimes "fleshly lusts," and then the whole nature is brutalized. But here the guilty conscience controls them, and this is HELL. A guilty conscience always throws the thoughts upon three subjects—the wrong of the past, the guilt of the present, and the retribution of the future. 2. The influence of "troubled thoughts" upon the physical system. "The joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." The Roman soldiers felt thus when, in the garden of Gethsemane, they fell as dead men before the moral majesty of the mysterious Sufferer. The most hardened have ever experienced this in the hour of Divine visitation.

IV. IT IS AN "HOUR" WHICH IS SOMETIMES THE HARBINGER OF ETERNAL RETRIBUTION.—Oftentimes the hour of moral awakening ushers in the bright and propitious morning of conversion. It was so in the day of Zaccheus, the sinners on the day of Pentecost, Saul of Tarsus, the Philippian jailer, and others. Indeed, such an hour must always precede the dawn of true religion in the soul. But here, as with Judas, it was the harbinger of retribution. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." Ah! what a night was that! "That night" separated him forever from his pleasures, his friends, and his empire; "that night" terminated forever his opportunities of spiritual improvement, and quenched every ray of hope within his breast; "that night" every star in the firmament of his being went down to rise no more, and left the whole of the boundless expanse overhung with clouds surcharged with the elements of inconceivable storms!

Hairs and Quirrs.

IMPERSONAL VERBS.—The only impersonal verbs in our language are *me-thinks*, *me-seems*, and *me-likes*, or *me-lists*, and a few others. In these the pronoun is in the dative case to show the object of the action expressed by the verb. Some persons suppose the impersonal *me-thinks* to be a solecism for *I think*. This, however, is not the case. There is nothing in common between the verbs "*I think*" and "*me-thinks*." The former signifying deliberation, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *dencan*—German, *denken*—to think, to cogitate, while the latter is obtained from the Anglo-Saxon *dincan*—German, *dünken*—to seem, to appear, and signifies perception. In our language, as it is written at present, both verbs are spelled alike. That these words originally were used differently will appear from the following examples:

Prince. Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Gloster. Where it *thinks* best unto your royal self.—*Richard III.*, Act 3, Scene 1.

Thus it stood in the first copies, though since altered to *seems*. The Germans, after the same method, still retain this verb: *mich dünkt*—*me-thinks*.

Examples.—"It is the Lord, let him do what *seemeth* him good."—*1 Samuel* iii, 13.

"The garden that so *liked* me."—*Chaucer—Romance of the Rose*, line 1,312.

"Her thought it all a villainy."—*Chaucer—Romance of the Rose*, line 1,231.

Also, our common expression "if you please;" in which *you* is evidently not the subject but the object of the verb. It is, if it please you, or, if *you* it please. Yet by a singular perversion we say, "I do not please," "if she should please," for "it does not please me," "if it should please her."

S. W. W.

COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES.—Adjectives have three degrees of comparison: the positive, which expresses the simplest state of the quality or limitation; the comparative, which expresses a higher state of quality when two objects are compared; and the superlative, expressing the highest state of quality when more than two objects are compared together.

Adjectives have also three methods of comparison, which may be designated as

1. Regular or New—by the addition of *er* and *est* to the positive.

2. Irregular or Old—by a change in the form of the word, or by using a new word.

3. Adverbial—by means of the adverbs *more* and *most* prefixed, and occasionally suffixed.

Adjectives of one or two syllables take the first method generally. About twenty follow the second method, and other adjectives follow the third.

It is logically correct to make adjectives of two and more syllables *regular* in the comparison. Let the following illustrations suffice:

Carpenter. He was one of the *comicallest* fellows I ever saw.
Prompter. Ay, and one of the *honestest*, master Carpenter.—*Colman—"New Hay at the Old Market."*

"What she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, *virtuousst*, *discreetest*, best."

Milton—*Paradise Lost*, viii, 549.

"The *honorablist* part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else."—*Bacon—Essay on Discourse.*

"In the communication of impulse, where as much motion is lost in the one case as in the other, which is the *ordinarist* case, we can have no other conception than of the passing of motion out of the one to the other."—*Locke—Essay on Understanding.*

"With *hatefulest* disrelish writhed their jaws."—*Milton—Paradise Lost*, x, 569.

"Numbering his sins with the greatest exactness, and aggravating them with the *cruelest* bitterness."—*South's Sermons*, Vol. I, Sermon 3.

"It was, the *dreadfulest* fight that I ever saw."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

"Score me up for the *lyingest* knave in Christendom."—*Shakspeare—"Taming of the Shrew."* Induction, Scene 2.

"Thou *cunning'st* pattern of excell'ing nature."—*Othello*, V, Scene 2.

"She is the *peculiarist* hussy breathing."—*Steele—Spectator*, No. 390.

"And the congregation sent thither twelve thousand men of the *valiantest*."—*Judges* xxi, 10.

"Fearfullest."—*Richard III.*, Act 3, Scene 4.

"I will confess that I am the *horriblest* traitor that ever lived."—*Raleigh.*

"Unseasonablest time."—*Milton—History of England.*

"What heaven's Lord had *powerfulest* to send."—*Paradise Lost*, vi, 425.

S. W. W.

CENTO VERSES.—This is one of the most recent of the fashionable fireside amusements of English society, and is full of interest to those who read much and have good memories. The following is a description of the game as described by Chambers in an early number of his journal: "A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire or divided into two—one-half to be connected with, another half to be taken elsewhere, but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudisia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil."

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed, says Chambers, to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of this kind of thing, we will set them down here:

On Linden when the sun was low,
A frog he would a-wooing go;
He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,
 Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 Or who would suffer being here below?

The youngest of the sister arts
 Was born on the open sea,
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
 Under the greenwood tree.

At morn the black cock trims his jetty wings,
 And says—remembrance saddening o'er each brow—
 Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things;
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow!

It was a friar of orders gray,
 Still harping on my daughter;
 Sister spirit come away
 Across this stormy water.

On the light fantastic toe
 Othello's occupation's gone,
 Maid of Athens, ere I go,
 Were the last words of Marmion.

There was a sound of revelry by night
 In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
 And comely virgins came with garlands dight
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego.

O! the young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he;
 A back dropping in, and expansion of chest
 Far more than I once could foresee.

Now I dare say it seems a remarkable easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse; we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is ex-

tremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line throughout all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times:

"When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
 And little to be trusted,
 Then first the creature found a tongue."

"AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of 'Thinks I to Myself,' a satirical novel quite popular in this country sixty years ago? Is there any late edition of the work?"

We find the above in the "Notes and Queries" of the July number of the Ladies' Repository. We can answer that part of it relating to a late edition. We have a copy of the work, the title-page of which is as follows: "Thinks-I-to-Myself: A Serio-Ludicro, Tragico-Comico Tale; written by Thinks-I-to-Myself, Who? Two Volumes in One. Philadelphia: Published by Daniels & Getz, Successors to W. A. Leary & Co., No. 138 North Second-Street. 1853."—*Kansas Chief*.

A PERFECT ANAGRAM.—A good anagram was one made from the translation in the Vulgate of Pontius Pilate's last question to our Savior—"What is truth?" "*Quid est Veritas?*" The anagram answers, "*Est vir qui adest.*" (It is the man who is before you.) This example complies with the conditions of a perfect anagram.

Boys and Girls' Department.

"BRAVE MARY BARKER."

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Be sure and get home before sundown, Mary," said Mrs. Barker as she tied the little white sun-bonnet under Hetty's fat chin, and placed her carefully among the pillows in the old willow-wagon.

"We 'll be back in good season, won't we, baby," said Mary, patting the rosy cheek of the little one. "Say 'by-by' to mamma, Hetty, and then for a fine ride."

Hetty shook her little hand and jabbered something which was very plain to Mary and her mother, though it might not have been so to most people, and then Mary drew the wagon slowly down the street under the long row of drooping elms that her great grandmother had set out so many, many years before Mary was born. She remembered the story of the time they were planted, for she had often heard her grandfather tell it, how his father had brought the young elms from the woods and dug the holes all ready to set them out when a messenger came on horseback to tell him that the British troops were going to march against Lexington, and they wanted all the brave farmers to come and defend it.

"I 'll be there," said he, "and my trees shall have a free country to grow in."

So he went to the house and took down his good musket that hung over the fireplace, bade his wife good-by, and rode away to help fight the British soldiers. When he was gone his wife saw the young elms lying upon the ground, and she thought it was a pity such fine trees should be left to die. She was a strong, healthy woman, with stout arms and a resolute will, so she went to work at the trees, and soon had

them all standing upright in their places, ready for the sunshine, and the rain, and the free air to take care of. The elms flourished wonderfully, and they lived, she, and her husband, and children, to walk to the white church under their shadow many a year after the songs of liberty and freedom had gone swelling through all the land.

This was the story that Mary thought of as she looked up at the green branches swinging to and fro in the light wind, and in her heart she thought how happy one must be who could do something grand and noble for his country. If she were only a man now she would strive to do some heroic deed; but what could a woman do, and worst of all a *little girl*? Still it was some comfort to remember that grandmother Ellis planted those splendid trees that every body admired so, and she was only a woman.

Passing out from under the elms the road crossed a little wooden bridge, and wound for a little way beside the alders that fringed the brook, then on across the plain between the orchards, and wheat-fields, and meadows red with the blossoming clover. It was a pleasant road, and that day the air was so full of the songs of the birds and the hum of the bees, and so sweet with the scent of the clover blossoms that Mary could not help wondering if there was any other place in the wide world so beautiful. Just beyond the long hill she could see the brown roof of her grandfather's house lifting itself above the maples, and when she saw that she hurried on a little, thinking of the long, happy day she should have there with dear grandmother and aunt Kate. Hetty was asleep in the wagon, and as she came to the foot of the hill she stopped under a large apple-tree and sat down upon the grass to rest a few moments. As she sat there something suddenly dashed around the turn of the road below the bridge. She could not see what it was at first, but she could hear voices in

the distance, and she stood up to look and listen. In an instant one man made his appearance below the bridge, then another, and another; but Mary scarcely saw them, for her terrified eyes were fixed upon the furious animal that came rushing along the road, and she only heard the shouts of the men in pursuit—"Mad dog! mad dog!"

She had but an instant to think, but that was enough, for in such moments of deadly peril thoughts rush very swiftly through our minds. She knew it would be useless to run, for before she could get half-way to any house the dog would overtake her. She looked up once at the low boughs of the apple-tree over her head, and thought she could easily climb into it; but there was Hetty, the darling baby, in the wagon; not for the world would she leave her to danger. Quick as a thought she lifted the sleeping child from her wagon, and laid her on the grass close to the tree, then turning the wagon upside down over her, she seated herself upon it, and resolutely folded her arms, determined that, come what would, she would protect her little sister. She had not long to wait, yet it seemed an age of terror to Mary as she watched the mad creature coming nearer and nearer, and saw that he would reach her before the men could possibly overtake him. All the time she was praying in her heart to God, but when the dog came so near that she could see his blood-shot eyes and the white froth dripping from his mouth, she could only shut her eyes and lean back faint and dizzy against the tree. Whether the dog was too much frightened by close pursuit to stop, or whether his attention was fixed on something else, I can not tell; but one thing is certain that the God whom Mary prayed to in some way protected her, and the dog rushed by without seeming to notice her.

In a moment more her father came up, almost breathless with the chase, and, while the rest of the pursuers hurried on, he clasped his child in his arms, saying, "Thank God! you are safe, my brave little Mary!"

Little Hetty was lifted, rosy and smiling, from her prison under the wagon, and, after seeing the children safely at their grandfather's, Mr. Barker hastened home to relieve the anxiety of his wife, who had seen him run from his work in the field, but did not know the danger that had threatened her children.

"Is the dog really killed, uncle John?" asked Mary when her uncle came in soon afterward.

"Shot through the head," said her uncle, sitting down and taking her on his knee. "I should like to know," said he, "what you thought of, my little heroine, when you sat there to guard Hetty's wagon and waited for the dog to come and bite you?"

"O, uncle!" said Mary, looking seriously into his face, "I did n't think at all, I only prayed."

THE TURNOVER AND THE ORANGES.—"Just see what a beautiful turnover mother has baked for me," said a little boy to his aunt as she entered the room where he was sitting.

"It is a very nice turnover," said his aunt. "Will you give me part of it?"

"It is hot," said the boy, taking the plate in his hand, as if he feared he should lose his treasure.

"But I will wait till it cools; will you give me a piece then?"

"I am not going to eat it now; I shall put it away."

"But I shall stay here all day; I am in no hurry. Will you not give me a taste when you eat it?"

"It is a very small turnover," said the boy.

"I only want a very small taste. Will you not give me that?"

"It is not good."

"O, I think it is good. Your mother makes good turnovers; I know it would taste good to me."

"Mother would not be willing, she made it for me."

"I am sure your mother would be willing. She is always generous."

"I want it all myself," said the boy at last, giving the true reason.

This is a correct report of a conversation which took place more than forty years ago. The selfish boy is still living, and

he is a selfish man. I have observed him through all these years, and he has never been anxious to share his blessings with others. Whatever good things he has he wants it all himself.

A few days ago the very same lady who asked for a part of the turnover gave six oranges to a little boy about four years of age. She gave them all to him for his own, but she told him she wished him to give away a part of them. So he immediately gave one to his sister Helen, and another to his sister Alice, and two to other members of the family. His aunt then said to him, "You must not give them all away, you must keep two yourself."

But his mother, in whose lap he was sitting, said to him, "Will you not give one of those to auntie and the other to me?"

"O, yes," he cheerfully replied, "I will."

"But what will you do? how will you get any orange?" said his mother to him.

"You will give me some of yours," said the generous, confiding boy.

The future of this darling boy is known only to God, but I trust that while he lives he will be ready to "deal his bread to the hungry," and to "have pity on the poor."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

HOW ANGELS DO THE WILL OF GOD.—A Sunday school teacher, instructing his class on that portion of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," said to them, "You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven. Now, how do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?"

The first child replied, "They do it directly;" the second, "They do it diligently;" the third, "They do it always;" the fourth, "They do it with all their heart;" the fifth, "They do it all together."

Here there was a pause, and no other child appeared to have an answer; but, after some time, a little girl said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

"COULD I KEEP THE GOOD NEWS?"—A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said, "Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people—every body will have forgotten you."

"What," she said, "do you think that I could keep the 'good news' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.—Little Carry, a bright-eyed, cheerful girl, six years old, was gazing upon some pretty little scissors in a glass case. At length an urgent request is made to mother for a pair. "No, Carry, dear, by and by; a little older and you shall."

A few days after Carry was observed by her mother looking at the scissors wistfully. "Carry, do you not know that Satan is tempting you? Did not mother say so?"

In the course of a few days the child was left in the shop, and was drawn to the glass case. The mother overheard her saying, "Go away, Satan, do n't you know it is very wicked of you to tempt me when mother said I was not to have any?"

"Now, my son," said a kind mother to her little boy, "be tidy; fold up your night-gown again, I must have it done neatly."

The little boy has grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day, "How is it you can get through so much work as you do?"

"Method, method," was the reply. "I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's lesson—'be tidy.'"

Magister Cleanings.

PERSONNEL OF GEORGE SAND.—The personnel of this notorious as well as celebrated French author—Madame Dudevant—is not without interest to our readers. Her style is masculine, and the *nom de plume* is also masculine. Perhaps this was the reason why Mrs. Browning, in her sonnet to George Sand, bade her "wait patiently till God unsex thee." But to our description. It was given by a young German author:

Of her character, as well as of her personal appearance, there are a great many misconceptions. There is nothing fantastical or literary in her; on the contrary, her physiognomy makes a very simple impression, and so much so, indeed, that one is astonished at it, for it does not show any extraordinary sign of genius. Nobody can read from her face, so good natured, so very simple of expression that she has often been told she looked sheepish, which caused herself freely to joke at it—the writer of genius, the woman of the most brilliant fancy.

Every body owns that she does not make any impression at first sight. Her figure is of middle size, and at the same time corpulent, against all notions of poetry. The black hair, simply and smoothly divided, does not give to the head any genial air. The nose is big and strong, almost disturbing the face, whose fine, smooth lines give evidence of her wonderful gentleness and kindness.

The mouth, also, has the same manly expression as the nose, and the lips and chin seem to indicate something of a sensual nature. But the beautiful, smooth, and high forehead which overarches the face, indicates to the judge that behind it the play of thoughts can be one of the most powerful, although the face does not express it. Also her look, beaming forth gently and earnestly from her delicately-shaped eyes; it trembles with a melancholy which can not have arisen but from deep causes and a melancholy mind; what richness of poetry does it not contain, how often is it not owned by highly-gifted names a source of their genius!

Indeed, the longer we look into these thoughtful eyes, the more we feel that we are in presence of a genius whose plain exterior appearance ought not to deceive us. And now, when those lips open, and every thing which animates this figure gets life and form in the most musical sounds, then we see through the eye windows the lights lighted in her brains; the fire of thought shines and sparkles in her look; the lady of the house vanishes before our eyes; imperceptibly she changes into a figure of poetry—into George Sand.

Whatever there may have been weak, tender, perhaps too tender, in the lineaments of her face, grows stronger during her conversation; the face loses its character, and the highest grace adorns it instead of plain kindness; genius steps in the place of simple sobriety; the lineaments unite themselves to the most beautiful harmony, and the great genius of her soul beams from her face.

BOOKS AND READING.—The author of "Self-Formation" makes point upon "the man of one book," worthy the attention of those whose intellectual character and habits are in the early stages of formation:

There is an admonition—*cave ab homine unius libri*. Beware of the single-book man; but I should never have felt its meaning unless I had so read Thucydides. One should study a book, and know it, and feel it, *promus penitusque*, through and through, till one fancies that one must have written it one's self. We should have not merely a knowledge, but, as it were, a personal experience of it. We must feed upon it and digest it—*Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco*. This is the true practice. Whereas, in general, people read,

and, if they comprehend as they go on, they think it well; though all the while they grasp each successive subject only to pass it through their hands, *cursores lampada tradunt*. The truth is that the knowledge, not indeed of a language, but of a national literature, is like that of human nature; books are the spirits of men; to attain it we have many acquaintances, but we must have one or two thorough friends; we must marry ourselves to a wife, or otherwise we shall never be at home, nor ever know the blessing of a proper, authentic, legitimate offspring. The intellect begotten and born of promiscuous reading—lecturicide I have elsewhere called it—is spurious of course, and foredoomed to worthlessness.

FOLLY OF LEARNED MEN.—Every one has remarked how often the most learned men can be considered little less than "learned fools." Horace Walpole thus expresses his light reverence for learned blockheads:

In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

"I CAN SEE MY HOME."—The following has been lying quietly in our drawer for a long time, but it has not lost its freshness. We are indebted for it to "Moore's Rural New Yorker," an excellent agricultural and family paper—one of the very best on our exchange list:

"I can see my home!" was the exclamation of one who, when the rose began to fade upon her cheek, had sought milder climes and balmy airs with the hope that health would reanimate the drooping energies and restore to the wasting system its elasticity and youthful vigor. Alas! these expectations were never to be realized, and now, tended by the hearts that love, she was approaching the home of her childhood. The wide, open fireplace, with its gayety and cheerfulness, was before her, and again was she reading amid its fiery embers a glowing futurity. Smiles illumined the countenances of the dear ones gathered there, and peace and joy were once more in her possession. The family Bible was again opened, and in her dream the paternal voice was heard supplicating Almighty protection for the little household band. The charm was for a moment broken as friends told her that from the car-window could be seen her home. She was raised slowly from her reclining position—the dim eyes strained, a view was caught—the countenance brightened, "I can see my home" burst from her lips—a slight struggle, the freed spirit had left the altar and reached the throne.

The traveler, dusty and way-worn—how gladly his eye notes familiar spots and places that designate the proximity of his heart's best and dearest affections! Suffering and privation are forgotten as he watches the curling smoke ascending from the homestead, while the moistened eye, quickened step, and beaming countenance speak in language, the power of which words do not possess, "I can see my home."

The sailor, tempest-tossed, and jostled between hopes and fears—how cheerily he springs at the cry of "land ho!" when the coast now dimly seen is his own native land! Amid the buffetings of wind and wave, how often has he pictured the little spot—which to him is the polar star of life's voyage—his anchoring ground where, the toil and struggle of active life over, he hopes to rest amid those bright scenes which cluster around the domestic hearth.

The Christian, never "weary in well doing," with what joy he looks forward to the hour when the summons calling him home shall be received! Trials have been endured, temptations resisted, afflictive dispensations met with resignation—but he "has fought the good fight of faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness." Disease has laid a heavy hand upon him, yet while dissolution warns, a smile of ineffable sweetness rests upon the placid countenance, and in tones, with which heavenly harmony is strangely blended, he exclaims, "I can see my home!" "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

HOW YOUR CHILD SHOULD BE SENT TO BED.—A whole system of philosophy is compressed here into a few lines. Read it, parents!

Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother—loved me!" Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

A PROTEST AGAINST ELABORATE WRITING.—We have long felt satisfied that *elaborate effort* is one great obstacle to good writing. The young writer must "try and try again;" but when a man wishes to write, let him first get ideas and then simply put them on paper. We do not now recollect the authorship of this protest, but it is worth reading:

Ganganelli says truly, that a man might often find at the nib of his pen what he goes a great way in search of—and I maintain that no man who writes from pure love of writing should be allowed to hold a pen, if he require to travel for his illustrations much beyond its nib. I should like to know where originality is to be found, if it be not in a man's first thoughts—or truth, save in the spontaneous testimony of his faculties for discerning it? All later testimony is liable to be bribed, or may incur suspicion of being borrowed. Write with all dispatch, if you wish to be original, and never imagine that your perceptions of *truth* will be improved by multiplying questions concerning it—the world is already too full of these. But, in fact, men all know what is truth better than they, or you are apt to suspect—and when you wish to illustrate it to them in any way, do not perplex your readers by exfoliating the whys, whens, and whereases of your evidence, nor yourself with laborious oratory—the clearest ever is the flowing stream. Some writers are complained of for their too great negligence of critical rules—others are censured for their pedantry in adhering to them. *They* best defeat criticism who have a *way of their own*—who follow their pen—in short, who write *naturally*—and how can any man do this who considers and elaborates?—a bewildering process, through which the lively imagination inebriates in its abundance, and the feeble becomes intimidated through discovered sterility. They inevitably grow into copyists, who are incessantly studying to produce effect. The most of all which writers employ to add to, vary, or heighten their first conceptions, may be traced to foreign models; and the habit of looking abroad for accessories, of trying to catch the tone, air, gait, or periwig of this or that great original, be he the brightest or biggest that ever wore one, tends but to the production of ill-fitting affectations, or the debilitation of native powers. The ready writer, like the bee, may, indeed, have drawn his *fancied stores* from a variety of flower-beds—but that honey is the best whose compound betrays no prevailing flavor of any favorite nectary—unless we may except the incurable Scottish *heather honey*—and does not owe its superiority to a *flower of the wild!*

PATIENCE CALLED FOR IN TEACHING.—No element is more indispensable to a teacher than patience. So

also of the parent whose relation involves all the duties and sacred obligations of teacher. The point is well put by the "Teacher's Assistant:"

If there is any work that calls loudly and constantly for the exercise of patience, it is that of the teacher. His labors are arduous under the most favoring and favorable circumstances. The good seed sown in the school-room during the day may be rooted up by other hands in the evening, and more than this, tares may be sown instead. Day after day will you, my friend, be called upon to *undo* and do over; and at times your very soul will almost sink within you, and exhausted Patience be ready to take her flight. But let her depart not. In the expressive words of another, "Lift up your eyes in the fields; they are white already to harvest. With the blessing of Providence go to the field of your slow, patient work. That slowness of the result may be the bitterest element in the discipline.

"To-morrow! and to-morrow! and to-morrow!
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,"

"Be content to wait for Him with whom *ages* are *days*, and in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. Go out with faith, with supplication. Ye shall come again in the jubilee and sabbath of the resurrection rejoicing."

THE GATHERING HOME.—The following lines by the daughter of an English Baptist missionary in Calcutta, seem to us worth preserving:

They are gathering homeward from every land

One by one,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand

One by one,

Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife

One by one,

Through the waters of death they enter life

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,
To others the waves run fierce and wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled

One by one.

We too shall come to the river side

One by one,

We are nearer its waters each eventide

One by one,

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream,
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go

One by one.

A GOOD STYLE.—Southey, one of the masters of English prose, to say nothing of his poetical writings, thus remarks upon the acquisition of a good style. How few know the simple secret of not trying to burden their thoughts with the words in which they express them!

There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself. As for composition, it has no difficulties for one who will "read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest" the materials upon which he is to work. I do not mean to say that it is easy to write well; but of this I am sure, that most men would write much better if they did not take half the pains they do.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

THE MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—During the thirty-six years of its existence this Seminary, though greatly embarrassed for want of suitable buildings and funds, has been performing a valuable service. It has given instruction to over eleven thousand students, of whom hundreds have been converted while connected with the institution. It has sent out more than four thousand teachers to the work of teaching, and three hundred preachers to the work of the ministry. Its alumni are found at the head of colleges and seminaries and in other prominent positions of usefulness in almost every section of our country. It has given an impulse to the cause of education, especially among the Methodist people of Maine, and contributed much to the spirit of educational enterprise, which now characterizes American Methodism. The number of students connected with the institution during the past year has been four hundred; number of conversions, fifty-seven; number of young men studying with a view to the ministry, twenty-eight.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN PARIS.—A French paper reports a remarkable religious movement in Paris in connection with the labors of an Englishman, a layman, Mr. Radcliffe. His labors first began with the English. Crowds flocked to hear him. Soon the French people were attracted, and though he could not speak their language, but addressed them through an interpreter, his audiences soon became almost exclusively French. However large his place of meeting, it is sure to be crowded to the utmost, and the spiritual results have been most happy. The doctrines of the Gospel are plainly preached and eagerly received.

SCOTTISH FREE CHURCH THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.—The Scottish Free Church has three theological colleges, one in Edinburgh, one in Glasgow, and one in Aberdeen. The Glasgow college was endowed by the late D. W. Clark; the others are supported by an annual collection, amounting to about £2,500.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.—The Trustees of the University of Chicago—Baptist—have decided to erect, as soon as the necessary means can be obtained, the center building of the University, including the tower, and to give to it the name of "Douglas Hall." The name will be inscribed upon a tablet to be embodied in the tower. This institution is now in a prosperous condition. There are nine professors, including the President, and two hundred and thirty students. The south wing of the main building, ninety by sixty-four, and four stories high, containing eighty-nine rooms, is completed.

COLLEGE SUSPENSIONS.—The New Orleans True Witness says: "Oakland College has suspended till next September. We have no particulars. Also, Lagrange College, Tennessee; Stewart College, at Clarksville, Tennessee; the University of Mississippi, at Oxford; and the Centenary College, at Jackson, Louisiana, have all suspended for the season. We believe in each case the

war fever carried off most of them." Some of them were Methodist colleges.

METHODIST DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.—The Degree of Doctor of Divinity has this year been given by the colleges named to the following Methodist divines:

M'Kendree College.—Charles Adams, Illinois Conference.

Ohio University.—Gordon Battelle, Western Virginia Conference.

Alleghany College.—Wesley Kenney, Philadelphia Conference.

Genesee College.—J. B. Hagany, St. Paul's Church, New York Conference.

Wesleyan University.—Samuel H. Waddy, President British Conference; Wm. Morley Punshon, British Conference.

Indiana State University.—George C. Crum, Cincinnati Conference; Oliver S. Munsell, President Illinois Wesleyan University.

Dickinson College.—Reuben Nelson, Wyoming Conference; Edward Bannister, California Conference; Isaac Winner, New Jersey Conference; Wm. Mann.

Harvard College.—Joseph Cummings, President Wesleyan University, Conn.

Galesville University.—Alfred Brunson, Wisconsin Conference.

Wilberforce University.—Bishop Paine, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop Burns, of Liberia. These are the first colored Methodist ministers who have received the compliment.

VEGETABLE DYES.—A chemist of Lyons announces that the coloring matter of any tree may be known by the color of its fruit, and advises the boiling of the bark with lime in water, when a precipitate will be formed of the same color as its fruit. Several of the new vegetable dyes have been discovered by this simple process.

ROCK OIL FOR TANNING.—The rock oil, now found in such quantities, is used as a substitute for fish oil in tanning hides with great success. It makes a cleaner and smoother finish than the fish oil, fills up instead of opening the pores of the leather, so as to make it almost water-proof, and gives it the finish of the finest calf-skin. It is also a superior article for mixing blacking, having the quality of cutting the lamp-black. The smell does not remain after the dressing process is completed. The oil is used in the crude state, costing one-third the price of fish oil.

THE SUN.—Two German chemists, working together in their laboratory at Heidelberg, have analyzed the body of the sun. Fabulous as it may seem this is literally true. They arrived at the results of their analysis solely by close examination of the rays of light. By this means it is ascertained, in a manner quite convincing to those who have witnessed the experiments, that the body of the sun contains large portions of iron and other metals and earth common to this globe of ours.

PATENT PERFORATED NEWSPAPERS.—An exchange says: "A patent has been taken out for perforating newspapers and periodicals and books after the manner of postage stamps, which are now torn and not cut apart. If the method can be successfully applied, it will be a great convenience, as paper-knives are not carried in every pocket; and to turn the London Times inside out, especially in traveling, is a job all will be pleased to be spared."

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—From the annual report of the Trustees of Greenwood Cemetery, New York, for 1860, it appears that from its commencement to the present time 12,715 lots have been sold, yielding \$159,151.50. The amount received for opening graves and vaults is \$205,806.60. Total number of interments, 81,325—of which 8,033 were in the year 1860. During the past year a new northern entrance has been prepared, at a cost of \$36,611.56.

THE gorgeous cathedral in the city of Mexico is the largest religious structure on the American continent. It is 500 feet long, 120 feet wide, and capable of holding 30,000 persons. The edifice is thus described: The building is not in conformity with any order of architecture, although remarkably imposing. The walls are built of unhewn basalt, but the front is covered over with the most laborious carving. White, massive pillars rise up against the wall for the support of its lofty towers. The interior is gorgeous almost beyond description, though the decorations are more remarkable for costliness than taste. The choir is formed of rare, carved woods, and elaborately covered with gilded images. The high altar, raised from the floor on an elevated platform, exhibits a profusion of candlesticks, crosses, and other ornaments of solid gold or silver, and is crowned by an image of the Virgin, decked in jewels estimated at the value of more than \$2,500,000; and all other parts of the church are a perfect wilderness of columns, statues, shrines, fountains, etc.

HISTORY OF THE "COLT'S."—The real inventor of the now world-famous Colt pistol is Otis W. Whittier, a New England mechanic, now working by the day in the railroad and machine shops of Harrisburg, Penn. It was in 1837, while living in Enfield, New Hampshire, that he made the original invention, and got his patent. He immediately commenced the manufacture of the arm, but at the end of two years was prostrated by fire, which destroyed all his stock and machinery, and left him poor and unable to start afresh. In 1851 he procured a renewal of his patent, and in the same year sold it for \$2,000 to Henry B. Beach and Samuel Woodruff, of Hartford, who in turn sold it to Samuel Colt, by whom it has been worked up to its present great renown, and to whom it has returned an immense fortune.

ARTHUR.—Rev. William Arthur, the celebrated English Methodist preacher, who has written much on the duty of systematic giving, has lately received from a relation of his wife a legacy of £40,000. He has already devoted one-eighth of his fortune to the cause of God, having given £1,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, £3,000 to the fund for building Wesleyan chapels in the metropolis, and £1,000 to the missionary society.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.—There are few girls or boys in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mother while rocking the cradle:

"Lull-a-by baby upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle and baby and all."

But how many of you know the origin of the simple lines? We have the following account from the records of the Boston Historical Society. Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a party were out in the field where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women or squaws, as they were called, had *papooses*, that is babies, and having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, and hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. Sure enough, "when the wind blew these cradles would rock." A young man of the party observing this peeled off a piece of the bark and wrote the above lines, which, it is believed, is the first poetry written in America.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The population of England and Wales is 20,205,504, being an increase of 2,169,576 during the past ten years. With Scotland, estimated at 3,200,574, the total population of Great Britain is now nearly twenty-three and a half millions, which, with the population of Ireland of six and a half millions, will give the United Kingdom a population of thirty millions. The emigration from the United Kingdom to different parts of the world during ten years has been 2,249,355.

YANG-TSE RIVER, CHINA.—Admiral Hope, of the British navy, has succeeded in ascending the great river of China, Yang-tse, to a distance of five hundred and seventy nautical miles from its mouth, without any accident, and it was stated that it was navigable for one hundred and fifty-seven miles further up, making in all seven hundred and twenty-seven miles, or about eight hundred and forty-two statute miles from the sea. The Yang-tse, therefore, although it be in point of navigation neither the Mississippi nor the St. Lawrence, far excels the Ganges, the Rhine, and the Danube; it is, indeed, the finest navigable river of the Old World.

DREDGING STEAMBOAT.—The largest dredging steamboat in the world has lately been built in Glasgow, for the purpose of deepening the Tyne River in England. It is 149 feet in length, 38 in breadth, and 11 in depth. It has a single beam engine of sixty-horse power. It is seven hundred tons burden, and cost about \$100,000. It has arrived at its destination, and by this time is raising the mud from the bed of the Tyne.

A RUSSIAN LAKE.—The Russian journals have recently been filled with an account of an extensive lake called Nor-Nuissan, lately discovered to the south of the Altai Mountains, in Chinese Droungaria. It is frozen from September to May, but is so full of fish that a great number of Russians, with the consent of the Chinese authorities, have established fisheries on its banks, being on the best terms with the natives.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.—There are in England 356 ragged day schools, with an attendance of 23,052 scholars, and 192 night schools, with an attendance of 20,900.

Library Notes.

(1.) **THE FIFTH READER OF THE SCHOOL OF FAMILY SERIES.** By Marcus Willson, Author of *Primary History—History of the United States; American History and Outlines of General History.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1861.—The peculiarity of Mr. Willson's School Readers is an attempt to make them a means of instruction in science and literature at the same time the student is exercised in reading. The volume before us, in addition to a large number of miscellaneous pieces distributed in distinct departments through the books, contains quite an outline of the Natural History of Reptiles, Human Physiology and Health, Botany, Ichthyology, Civil Architecture, Natural Philosophy, Physical Geography, Chemistry, Geology, and, finally, an Outline of History Prior to the Christian Era. The work is got up in good style, and contains an uncounted number of very suitable illustrations.

(2.) **THE METHODIST QUARTERLY** continues to be conducted with ability and success by Dr. Whedon. The July number contains several articles of marked interest. Among them is "A Plea for the Preacher's Wife," from the pen of R. A. West, Esq., editor of the Commercial Advertiser. Mr. West is a brother of the late President of the English Wesleyan Conference, and also has a daughter, who is the wife of a member of the New York Conference. Though a layman, he is, therefore, somewhat prepared to speak understandingly upon the subject, and he has given us an excellent practical article. "The Future of a Cotton State Confederacy," by J. B. Woodruff, Esq., of Cincinnati, is a timely and most conclusive showing up, by facts and figures, of the Cottonocracy. The gem of the number—our New York Literary Correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding—is an article from the pen of the editor—"Distinction between Automatic Excellence and Moral Desert." We will not quarrel about the use of some of the terms, but the reasoning is sharp, crisp, and clear as crystal. The other articles are "Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," by President Mussell, of the Illinois Wesleyan University; "Rev. Enoch Mudge," by Rev. S. W. Coggeshall, the Methodist historian of New England; "Schleiermacher, De Wette, and Harms," by Dr. Nadal; "Atmospheric and Oceanic Currents," translated from the French; and "The Temporal Government of the Pontifical States," by Prof. H. M. Baird, of the University of New York City.

(3.) **EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA: With Accounts of Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.** By Paul B. Du Chaillu, Corresponding Member of the American Ethnological Society, etc. With numerous illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1861. 8vo. Pp. 531. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.—This is a portly, well-printed, and copiously-illustrated volume, full of romance and adventure. Persons fond of the excitements of thrilling adventure, hair-breadth

escapes, savage war, and barbaric habits will find here sufficient to clog their appetite. The author says he embarked on his tour of exploration some five years since, in which he states he traveled on foot, unaccompanied by any white men, about eight thousand miles, and killed and stuffed two thousand birds, of which more than sixty are new species, before unknown to the amateurs of natural science. The author, no doubt, had a great many adventures if he actually performed this journey; but to our own prosaic self, who never yet visited the equatorial regions of Africa—who never yet sported among lions and gorillas—it does seem somewhat exaggerated. No doubt it is so much the worse for us. But, then, how are we to help it?

(4.) **BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND BIBLICAL REPOSITORY,** for July, 1861. Andover: Warren F. Draper.—This number opens with an able article on the question, "Was the Apostle Paul the Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews?" by Prof. Robbins. The second article is a sketch of the Hindu Philosophy, by Rev. David C. Scudder, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. The third is a Monograph, by President Woolsey, of Yale College, on the expression in Acts xxv, 26. The fourth, Method in Sermons, by Dr. Withington, of Newburyport. The fifth, God's Ownership of the Sea, by Dr. Swain, of Providence. The sixth, Notices of Withington's Commentary on Solomon's Song; Sermons and Memoir of President Smith; and Nast's Commentary on the New Testament. The notice of Dr. Nast's Commentary is highly complimentary. The editor says: "Dr. Nast possesses a combination of qualifications for this work which can scarcely be found united in any other man. Born and reared in Germany, and educated in one of the most celebrated of its universities—Tubingen—an intimate friend and for six years the class-mate and room-mate of the celebrated Dr. D. F. Strauss, he early became familiar with the phases of Teutonic idealism, mysticism, and rationalism; and after his education there had been completed, he emigrated to America, was converted, and became a man of evangelical piety, realistic activity, and common-sense. For about thirty years he has been laboring as a Gospel minister in connection with the Methodists, and his labors have been abundant and most fruitful. The best results of all his learning and experience we have in the commentary before us. No more acceptable or useful present could he make to the land of his adoption. By all means the author should give us a good English edition of it."

(5.) **PRESIDENT NUTT'S BACCALAUREATE SERMON,** delivered before the graduating class of the Indiana State University. Great Men and How they Became such, is the theme discussed from the text, "Quit you like men."

(6.) **THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH** is a discussion upon the Relations of Baptized Children to the Church, and the duty and responsibility which it involves. By Rev. E. H. Dewart. It makes a pamphlet of 48 pages,

12mo, and is published at the Guardian Office, Toronto, Canada West.

(7.) CATALOGUES.—The following Catalogues have come to hand. We are pleased to be able to put them on file in our office: (1.) Alleghany College—President, Rev. George Loomis, D. D., assisted by 5 professors. Students—seniors, 17; juniors, 18; sophomores, 17; freshmen, 36; Biblical, 25; preparatory, 119. Total, 232. (2.) Indiana Asbury University—President, Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., assisted by 8 professors—seniors, 7; juniors, 30; sophomores, 32; freshmen, 72; law, 6; preparatory, 130. Total, 273. (3.) Methodist General Biblical Institute—President, Bishop O. C. Baker. Professors—Drs. S. M. Vail, J. W. Merrill, and D. Pattem—seniors, 17; middle class, 23; juniors, 37. Total, 77. (4.) Indiana University—President, Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., assisted by 9 professors—seniors, 24; juniors, 11; sophomores, 23; freshmen, 53; preparatory, 79; law, 5. Total, 196. (5.) Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College—President, Rev. Robert Allyn, A. M., assisted by 18 teachers—seniors, 22; juniors, 21; third and fourth collegiate, 60; preparatory, 140. Total, 243. (6.) Troy Conference Academy—President, Rev. Joshua Poor, assisted by 10 teachers—gentlemen, 134; ladies, 82. Total, 216. (7.) Cornell College—President, Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., assisted by 7 professors—seniors, 4; juniors, 4; sophomores, 6; freshmen, 16; preparatory, 290; primary, 87. Total, 407. (8.) Stockwell Collegiate Institute—President, Rev. Levi Tarr, A. M., assisted by 4 teachers—students, 135. (9.) Moore's Hill Collegiate Institute—President, S. R. Adams, A. M., assisted by 5 professors—seniors, 3; juniors, 5; sophomores, 11; freshmen, 35; preparatory, 128. Total, 182. (10.) Tippecanoe Battle-Ground Institute—Principal, Rev. E. H. Staley, A. M., assisted by 3 teachers—students, 324. (11.) Whitewater College.—This Institution, located at Centerville, Ia., is just being reopened, with Rev. W. H. Barnes, A. M., as President, assisted by a competent Board of Instruction. (12.) Xenia Female College—William Smith, A. M., President, assisted by 5 teachers—seniors, 9; juniors, 7; second year, 16; first year, 54; preparatory, 51. Total, 140. (13.) North-Western University—acting President, Prof. H. S. Noyes, assisted by 4 professors—seniors, 5; juniors, 10; sophomores, 10; freshmen, 18; preparatory, 49. Total, 92. (14.) Ohio Wesleyan University—President, Rev. F. Merrick, A. M., assisted by 9 professors—seniors, 26; juniors, 23; sophomores, 55; freshmen, 53; preparatory, 68; Biblical, 14; scientific, 51; academic, 145. Total, 423. (15.) Maine Wesleyan Seminary.—The circular of this Institution announces that the new College building has been completed. It has cost \$36,000.

From Harsh Literary Correspondence.

Correspondent Intermeddled not with politics nor public affairs.—The last Quarterly—Metaphysical Discussions—Automatic—The Will and our Volitions—Common-sense and Free Self-control—Morality in Volition alone—The Commendable Excellence—The Essayist's Law of Responsibility—Where Blesses Locates Morality—Iniquation—Unsolved Theological Problems.

ENSCORCED in my "den"—the alternate to the Grub-street-er's "garret"—under the maddening fervors of the dogstar, to say nothing of more mundane excitants, I move myself, as in duty bound, to perpetrate a correspondence. Eschewing for the nonce all intermeddling with political and public affairs, I cast about me for appropriate theme and matter. But whether I consult the drift of the public mind or the productions of the press, I find that my abjuration leads me to an open field, and one which I may have chiefly to myself. I accordingly take up and open the last issue of the Methodist Quarterly Review—for you know that periodicals must be published at the proper times even if nobody can read them—and that is a publication which I purchase regularly, and sometimes read, but this time I have done so only sparingly. I run over the several articles, reading them by their titles—after the practice of Congress—and did I not suspect that the difficulty may be rather subjective than objective, I would pronounce them all supremely stupid. The first I reject because it is political, and I will have nothing to do with politics. The next is one of a series, and I never read serials. The third I will commend to a lady of my acquaintance. The fourth I presume is learned—so all the names, both of subject and writer, imply—I'll trust them. The fifth is the record of a good man, who needs no praise from me, written by one wholly capable, I doubt not, to do full justice to the subject; there is, therefore, no need that I should meddle with it. Then comes an article on "Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy"—a work which all the reviewers place at the very head of its class, and then set themselves at work to point out its faults and fallacies—I shall not read that paper till the weather grows cooler. That about the "Cotton Confederacy"

is of course *tabooed*. And so I approach the end of the pamphlet, having of the regular pieces but a single one left, which I must accept on the terms of "Hobson's choice," or else submit to the humiliation of revising my former decisions. That paper is credited to the pen of the learned and astute editor himself, and it has a title made up of hard words that have a kind of Kantian ring, as you speak them. To the faintest snuff the article is redolent of metaphysical subtleties, and I am allured to it by its very abstruseness, as one is sometimes pleased with the perfection of homeliness in some hard-featured countenance. I read it, pencil in hand, pausing occasionally to find out its precise meaning—now making a note on the margin, now underscoring some pregnant sentence, and again indicating doubt or admiration by appropriate marks. Beyond all question the paper possesses merit, and it will be read by a few, of whom a relative few will appreciate it, and of these some will dissent from its conclusions, and a more cautious few will reserve their decisions—that is, they will not decide at all.

The popular prejudice against metaphysics is altogether natural, and, in a certain sense, reasonable. Practically, to a very great extent, the definition of metaphysical discussions given by the old Scotch preacher, as something his hearers could not understand nor himself explain, is correct. I have known whole paragraphs of Kant's Critic read in company to afford amusement by its hard words; and the most lucid verbal expositions of the higher problems of pure thought must be an unknown tongue to the uninitiated. I once witnessed an earnest discussion between two friends on purely intellectual questions, when a third approached them—himself a somewhat distinguished scholar and now a high Church dignitary—and inquired whether what they were talking of was not metaphysics—"not that I understand you at all," he continued, "but I thought it sounded like something of that sort." There was no doubt a playful satire in all that, and yet it has a basis of truth. Coleridge replied to those who

complained of his use of an unintelligible jargon, by challenging any one to express clearly and definitely his ideas in terms more easily understood. After once reading one of his toughest metaphysical demonstrations, I wrote under it a note expressing my conviction that it was meaningless; but I have since learned to estimate that production as a masterpiece of thought. Words are but the symbols of thoughts, and till the seed-thoughts of any subject shall have been implanted in the mind the verbal vehicles of its ideas are valueless and seem absurd. And because only a very few ever obtain clear metaphysical ideas, the terminology employed by that few sounds strangely to all others, and the whole subject is to them meaningless and uninteresting.

But to return from this episode to Dr. Whedon's paper, and my scholia upon it. I first of all drew a line under the word *automatic*, in the heading, and made a note of interrogation on the margin, to signify a doubt as to the use of that word in that place. It is there employed to indicate that form of "moral excellence" which may exist, at least potentially, in the absence of "free self-control." The two things, *automatic action* and *free self-control*, seem here to be specifically opposed to each other. But "automatic excellence" is a scarcely allowable form of expression, though probably it was intended to designate a condition of moral character produced without the active concurrence of its subject. But such a condition of character, though it becomes an irreversible law, is wholly compatible with "free self-control," since that dominant "automatic excellence" is of the *self*. In that "self," which is free to control its own actions, is embraced the whole man, including all the elements of the character, however superinduced, and so there need be no antagonism between the two. "An automaton," we are correctly informed, "is a machine whose movements are caused by forces applied;" that is, from beyond itself. But the most thorough necessitarian does not suppose this of the human will, but only that when excited to action its acts are certainly determined by its own inherent instincts and proclivities. *Autonomous* or *spontaneous* would then seem to be the proper term by which to designate the moral character in man, which lies back of volitions, and is historically antecedent to them, and, as some believe, their determining cause. However, the writer sufficiently explains what he intends by the words he uses, and the foregoing criticism is only a verbal one, but not, therefore, entirely unimportant.

There is, however, a damaging want of distinction in the argument of the article between the two things severally designated by the one term WILL. This is an *external will*, which is chiefly phenomenal, and consists in an action of the mind—that is, of the person—commonly called *choosing*, the "surface will," as Coleridge and some others call it. Below this, however, is the *internal will*, which uniformly agrees with the subjective character. The former, which is only *choice-making*, is what the writer seems to mean by "the will;" and he claims for the mind the power to exercise this faculty *arbitrarily*, without any necessary and final subjection to either external influences, or its own inherent proclivities. I would not say he is wrong in this, but he gives no reasons why he thinks so, and I am sure the assumed position is not self-evident. One may not unreasonably ask whether our volitions may but be potentially necessary and yet not *automatic*, but, as to the whole mind, *autonomous*? As matter of fact we can never decide whether our volitions are *automatically* necessitated, or *spontaneously* self-produced, or *arbitrarily* free; because though consciousness informs us of the actual mental state, it does not detect the causes by which those states are produced.

After certain definitive statements at the beginning, the writer presents his first *postulate*, which he assumes without proof or argument, apparently concluding that it is so nearly axiomatic as to require none; to wit, that in order to moral responsibility "common-sense demands . . . free self-control." By the latter of these terms, he seems to mean that the mind is endowed with a capricious power to act as it may *will*, not being certainly and determinately influenced by either external causes or internal tendencies. The logical question, whether such a power may be rationally supposed, and the

question of fact, to be determined inductively, whether it actually exists, are not alluded to, but the whole is made to rest on the authority of "common-sense." This latter expression, as often used, is one of the most indefinite in the language, and is employed to cover up vacuity of thought rather than to express ideas. But Dr. Whedon always means something by the terms he uses, and as is often the case with vigorous thinkers, his ideas are sometimes more definite than his language. Though probably in nine cases out of ten, when the term is used, the speaker could not give an intelligible definition of it, and probably a large share of the readers of that paper will have no very accurate notion of what it imports; for the appeal to common-sense is mostly a respectable way of expressing the same logical process that the opinionated express by "I believe," and the vulgar by "cause;" yet I doubt not the writer knew precisely what that was to which he applied the term. Common-sense etymologically designates a *sense* or perception common to all rational minds. Applied, as in this instance, to the internal perceptions, it indicates the occurrence of a given conviction on the presentation of certain appropriate conditions. These resultants of common-sense are called sometimes *intuitions*, sometimes *original suggestions*, and by other terms. It seems, then, that it is the opinion of this writer, that the mind, directly and by its own free-working, decides intuitively that the state of mind designated by the expression "free self-control" is an essential requisite to responsibility, and further, that this decision is to be accepted as finally authoritative in the case. These assumptions ought not to be accepted without examination. The first question respecting them is one of metaphysical fact—does the human mind so decide? In order that any truth should be a matter of common-sense, it is not necessary that all sane minds should entertain it, but only that when the subject is really presented to any mind in its normal condition that truth becomes at once evident. And as questions of fundamental ethics are necessarily somewhat subtle, they can be justly appreciated only by subtle and instructed minds. The demands of common-sense in any department of art or science are to be gathered only from the proficients in such departments, and in like manner its demands as to the question of moral responsibility must be learned from the concurrent opinions of the great body of moral philosophers. And do they, without any considerable dissent, accept the postulate upon which the argument of Dr. Whedon's acute essay depends? I trow not. Against this part of the assumption must, therefore, be written, *not proven*. Again: were it granted would that settle the case? or, in other words, is this subject to be disposed of by "common-sense," or are we to learn the law of responsibility from the facts of its administration? Fallacies have in many cases enjoyed long prescriptive reigns, and positions for ages conceded as self-evident have been given up at the demand of a more rational investigation. There are those who doubt the sufficiency of reason in a case of this kind, and hold it to be more truly philosophical to turn away from mere human "common-sense," and ask how the subject seems to be viewed by Infinite Wisdom as indicated in Revelation and in the facts of the Divine government. Such an appeal to a higher tribunal seems to me to be legitimate, but I do not say what is the judgment of that tribunal.

A moral philosopher of the orthodox Christian school could find some strong points to urge against settling such a question at the dictates of common-sense. He might impeach the competency of the authority on account of the fundamental defect of the moral "sense" of mankind, asserting that unaided reason can not solve the high problems of Heaven's judicature, and that divine revelations respecting such matters are not made to the reason, in which way they could reach only a very few, but in authoritative declarations, and in the practical administration of Providence and judgment. The argument from common-sense assumes the sufficiency of the rational faculty in man to judge of elementary right and wrong, and to determine, from an assumption of God's justice and rectorial righteousness what must be the character of his government in given cases. But we do not so judge in all cases. Apply this rule to the abstract question of the possi-

bility of sin in the dominions of an almighty Sovereign, who hates sin with a perfect hatred; or of sufferings where almighty Mercy reigns supreme, and both these would be declared impossible. Yet sin and sufferings exist; and the demands of common-sense, unless humbled from its false position, would hurry on to atheism. Apply it to the doctrine, and the fact of original sin, and the result must be that, with the Pelagians, we must deny the patent facts of the case, and discredit every body's experience out of deference to a theory, or we shall, with a large class of modern theologians, represent the Divine Being as forced into an emergency and accepting the terrible alternative of sin and its results, as they are seen, as preferable to some other more terrible, and to us unknown alternative which else had been inevitable—but this necessitating God, by causes outside of himself, is itself rather repugnant to the common-sense as held by some—or with Dr. Edward Beecher, we may conclude that every born-sinner is a convict spirit from some other world, in which preëxistent state, in "free self-control," he rendered himself guilty and inclined to sin, and appears on earth not at all affected by Adam's sin, to which antiquarian sinner he bears no lineal relation, but as an isolated being bearing alone his individual sins, as other sinners do. Now, there are a good many people who think the existence of hereditary sin no more a question of revelation than of fact—who think they see in the daily order of Providence an intimate partnership among individuals by virtue of which the consequences of actions are received by others than those who performed such actions, and who detect a power pervading human affairs by which the conditions of individuals, both for good and evil, and for eternity as well as for time, are greatly affected by the conduct and characters of those over whom they possessed no control. To appeal to reason for a solution of the questions thus suggested, appears to them like seeking the living among the dead, and so they turn away from the inadequate teaching of "common-sense," content to know only what God now teaches, and assured of complete satisfaction in all these things when the whole shall be seen in the light of eternity. As a servant and minister, occupying a condition of subordination, "common-sense" is of very great value in matters of religion; but are there not some problems which belong exclusively to faith?

Another of the postulates assumed by this writer requires a passing notice; to wit, "The common-sense of mankind recognizes morality in volition alone." Volition is not the will itself, but an act of the will; and "morality," that is, moral properties, can properly be predicated, according to this theory, not of persons nor of their characters, but only of their volitions. In himself Judas was no worse than his Master, only his volitions were worse; and when both were asleep, because their volitions had ceased, there was no more "morality" about the one than the other. This is the *reductio ad absurdum*, yet is it not entirely legitimate? According to this theory "original sin" is a paradoxical form of words, and "indwelling sin" an idle fancy; the taking away of sin means only the reformation of manners, and to will to do good is doing good—St. Paul to the contrary notwithstanding. You will understand that I am now speaking in the person of some old-fashioned orthodox minister, as John Wesley or Richard Watson—not to wander so far as to the times of Arminius or Luther—for I do not presume to thrust forward myself or my own notions in such deep matters. But I have a mind to make a quotation from a production not yet grown old, though probably it is not very widely known. The writer is discussing the nature of sin with especial reference to the will, and having noticed the historically-first, that is, the phenomenal form of sin, he proceeds:

"This, however, is only sin in action. The question here very naturally arises whether it has not also a substantial being—an ontological character? Is not that which prompts the soul to evil deeds, and effectually determines the will in a direction the reverse of that dictated by the uncorrupted reason, itself the very essence that imparts its coloring to the perverse volitions of the will? Though a sinful self-determination may have led the soul into its weakness and depravity, is not that which reveals itself in the fatal proclivity of the soul to unrighteousness, and the effectual alienation of the

will from the direction of the perceptive and impulsive reason—that is, the conscience—the substantive being which in such combinations becomes only an attribute? 'All unrighteousness [anomia] is sin,' and the spirit of mind that produces every form of practical iniquity in the exercise of the active powers, is most assuredly the very essence of unrighteousness."—*Methodist Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1854—Coleridge.

The design of Dr. Whedon's article appears to be to show that intrinsic moral excellence is in itself no ground for favor, and that it should have no reward unless it has been achieved by the individual, while he was really free as to his own impulses, as well as relative to external forces, to do otherwise; and this he assumes is demanded by common-sense. He states the case clearly and forcibly, and then announces the result as though it were so nearly self-evident that debate is precluded. But a large portion of the ablest moral philosophers of Christendom have thought differently; and though the appeal to common-sense is not debatable, it will be well to know that its decision is in our favor before we presume to proceed upon its authority. A good many persons, generally esteemed as possessing that characteristic of rationality, believe that intrinsic moral worth is itself a proper ground of merit, regardless of the special genesis of that characteristic of the soul. Our author seems to concede that there may be such a thing as "automatic excellence," or, more generally, that there may be moral character which the individual has not formed by "free self-control." Then on the occurrence of two such characters—a Cain and a Jesus—there must be, according to his theory, the same merit in each, or, rather, neither merit nor demerit in either, till gained by action. I confess to a lack of the assured convictions of the writer upon these points. To my dull "sense"—uncommon perhaps it is—excellence, wherever found and however caused, appears worthy of commendation and favor; and as beauty of its own self compels æsthetical approval, so goodness, *per se*, demands ethical admiration. In both cases the law is ultimate and admits of neither approval nor debate; beauty pleases without respect to its origin, and goodness is approved, though its genesis proves it to be only "automatic excellence." Nor are we to estimate moral character by merely-logical notions of desert and responsibility. These pertain to the Divine government, of which we can form but very imperfect theories at best, and as to which all our *a priori* reasoning is wholly unreliable; while that depends on the presence of certain properties recognized by the moral sense, and approved by the intuitive conscience as excellent and godlike. I confess that I do not like to contemplate the divine holiness as conditioned upon a potentiality of being exchanged for its opposite. To my notion the unchanging goodness of God's volitions result from the absolute goodness of his nature; and because he is infinitely holy, he can will only according to his own nature. The mere intimation that there can be in him "the full power of choosing wrong" sounds strangely—not to use a stronger term—in my ears. If, indeed, that awful contingency were possible, would there not be some cause to apprehend its realization?—a thought too horrible to be entertained for a moment. It can not be, for the Divine Goodness is spontaneous, *autonomous*—AUTOMATIC, as Dr. Whedon uses that word; and yet is he the absolutely-perfect and Holy One. He is altogether worthy, for that he is essentially right, and true, and good, and all by virtue of his own unchangeable, and, therefore, necessitated perfections.

The law of responsibility, as laid down by the essayist, is at least questionable. How are we to learn that rule except by the revelations of the Divine judgments? and do these limit responsibility to individual actions, and those performed only consciously and with the power to do otherwise? Is there not a kind of natural retribution in the world, by which wrong-doing, though performed in ignorance and without conscious evil design, procures evil results to the doer? Responsibility is this liability to "answer again" for one's actions; and if certain acts, evil in themselves but performed without evil designs, do nevertheless procure evil results, then is there responsibility in such cases: why not, then, where they are the results of "automatic" perversity of character and design? To mankind this is a question of facts as to the

Divine judgments, and it must be determined deductively rather than theoretically; and do not the facts of human life demonstrate very clearly that man's responsibility is really much wider than his conscious purposes or even his knowledge? If sin exists any where, or in any manner, God knows it, and knowing it he must either condemn or approve it. If man is born with a moral character, of which one may correctly predicate such epithets as "wrong, evil, morally evil;" and if, as the result of this bad inheritance, he suffers many disadvantages, both temporal and spiritual, as confessedly he does, there does surely seem to be a kind of responsibility for that which we are told "is no fault of his own till fully appropriated by the act of his own free will." Could I trust my own apprehensions in these deep things I should suspect that the learned editor is not entirely self-consistent. How there can be all forms and relations of sin without "just moral condemnability," is indeed beyond my powers of conception. If there are moral qualities and relations they must be judged by the divine law, and if there is found in them no cause of condemnation they must be approved; and so the law must approve of "disconformity to the law." Whew! Over against the assumption that the common-sense of mankind recognizes morality in volition alone, I will place another statement of the case, which certainly Dr. Whedon will confess is found in a respectable position:

"The qualities designated by the words *virtue* and *vice* do not originate in the volitions, but reside in the interior will—the intelligent soul—and thence impart their own characters respectively to the acts of the will. Essential holiness, which is the highest form of virtue, dwells in infinite fullness in the divine nature. Thence it is derived to man, who was made in the divine image—that is, in concreated virtue. Of this holiness in his creatures God's law approves, because it is conformed to itself, and for the opposite cause it condemns whatever is unholy. This essential and indwelling virtue operates [primarily] as a virtuous disposition, and at length manifests itself in virtuous actions. But in all cases, wherever we detect the action of real virtue, we refer it to the will itself, and

not to the acts of the will."—*Methodist Quarterly Review*, April, 1854—Bledsoe. Is all this directly in the face of "the common-sense of mankind?"

The writer's process of adjusting his theory with the orthodox doctrines respecting Adam's sin and its expiation by Christ, puzzles me. I have often been greatly bothered by that much-used word "imputation;" but never before have I found it so prolific of obscurity as in this essay. It would seem that by "imputation" and "conceptually" contradictions may be reconciled and impossibilities realized. I have often had cause to admire the flexibility of the Scriptures in the hands of skillful polemics, and here we have one of those marked cases of "free rendering." But I must forbear, lest my metaphysical excursion bring me upon the forbidden ground of dogmatics, which might become rabid in dog-days.

I am becoming more and more fully convinced in proportion as I study these things, that there are questions in the science of theo-anthropology which lie beyond the range of man's philosophy, and for the solution of which we must wait alone on divine tradition. I lately heard a Methodist minister say he could not preach on Divine providence, "for," said he, "every Methodist preacher I ever heard undertake it, talked just like a high Calvinist, and though I believe in providence, I never attempt to explain it." On the other hand Robert Hall remarked, that whenever he heard an Arminian—probably of the pseudo-philosophical kind—argue in favor of his system, he invariably thought of *poor logic*; and yet that eminent divine embraced and taught all the essential elements of genuine Arminianism. The controversy between these two ancient systems is rather metaphysical than theological; and probably either of them contains elements which, if logically carried out, and not duly limited by opposing ones, would eliminate conclusions quite alien to the truth. To practically learn the limitation of religious thought is as wise philosophically as it is necessary to the maintenance of a reverent humility. And yet I do not wholly condemn all attempts at philosophical theologizing. But spare me the labor, so long as the thermometer marks *ninety-five*.

Reverie's Hall.

DAY DREAMING, OR REVERIE.—Perhaps "reverie" would better express the mental condition of the fair day dreamer immortalized on steel by our artist. Her countenance indicates no dreamy vacuity of intellect. It is that of a soul enraptured by some idea which has taken possession of it and carried it away. According to De Vigny there are two kinds of reverie—that of weak minds and that of deep thinkers. In the former the mental faculties are simply in a state of suspended action. In the latter they are intensely occupied and intensely active, but devoted to a single subject. This latter form of reverie is often the prelude to the most wonderful creations of genius, or the most heroic devotion to great and noble ends. In this state men of genius have conceived the most original beauties of their works; in it the geometrician has solved the problem that had long baffled him; the metaphysician has seen the first glimpse of the most ingenious of his systems; the poet his most beautiful verse; the musician the most expressive and the most brilliant of his passages; the statesman the decisive expedient the light of his experience had not discovered with his severest calculations; the general, the expansive and rapid *coup d'œil* that fixes the plan of a campaign or decides the fate of a battle. In reverie of this kind, the mind is not weakened but made stronger. St. Jerome came forth

from the desert stronger than when he entered it; he reappeared, after his long and profound reverie, armed and mailed for his great work. With such men as Socrates, Chrysostom, Descartes, Malebranche, Dante, Newton, Milton, and Spinoza, reverie was the deep working of the soul, striving to penetrate the hidden and the mysterious.

But with most, "reverie" partakes less of the sublime abstraction of thought than of complete vacuity of intellect. It is in fact much the same as the *keff* of the Arab, in which the individual is lost in a sort of ecstatic beatitude, from which he would fain desire never to be aroused. In this state the imagination wanders without object or end; it is lost in a world of fancy; it feasts on unsubstantial chimeras. To the Oriental this is "the intoxication of heaven." Such reverie disorganizes rather than strengthens the intellect. It produces wasted energies, scattered purposes, and enfeebled powers.

There is another tendency of this day dreaming which is worthy of notice. It shows to what base purposes the highest and noblest gifts may be put when unregulated by the higher intellect. It is an unquestionable fact that devotees, pseudo-prophets, illuminati, Swedenborgians, spiritualists, etc., owe all the wonders of their presentiments, their visions, their prophecies, their

conversations with celestial and infernal intelligences, their journeys in heaven and in hell, to the illusions which this state of reverie exposes us. But to condemn reverie *in toto* because of this perversion to which it is liable is pushing the argument too far.

In its most common and useful aspect reverie is a sort of holy communing. Whether it be when great thoughts lift the soul above earth and sense; whether it be when rapt with the beautiful and the sublime in nature, and the soul goes out to commune with its great Original; when we sit down by the green sod which covers the loved and lost of earth, and, through blinding tears, commune with them in their spirit-world, telling them how we love them still, and how much dearer heaven is to us since they entered there; or when in ideal creations we anticipate that which may be of the great and the good to us in the future—in all these soul reverie has its moral uses and its beneficent ends. The very countenance when thus inspired is made to radiate a holy influence. Our grossness and worldliness are rebuked, and we stand abashed as in an ethereal, a holy presence. As an elevated thought ennobles the intellect, or an exquisite picture cultivates the taste, so a pure and serene countenance, rapt in holy contemplation, has its lesson of spiritual life and purity to the soul.

MR. WELLSTOOD'S ENGRAVINGS, which are now appearing from time to time in the Repository, are winning for the author a high reputation. One of our exchanges says "they are not second to any yet produced in this country, if we may except Mr. Smillie, which, in true natural delineation and exquisite finish, they very much resemble, and which they very nearly if not quite equal." This is a high but richly-deserved compliment. Mr. Wellstood has vindicated his claim to a position among the first artists of the country. We are glad to know that our patrons appreciate the beautiful in art, and can make a ready and just comparison between the exquisite engravings furnished by the publishers of the Repository and those rough, unfinished pictures furnished by the generality of magazines. Our Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati may be called "slow teams," "old fogey," etc., but the guilt of *shamming* can never be laid to their charge. They not only claim to give a good thing to their customers and at a low price, but they *make good the promise*.

DOG-DAYS AND DOGMATICS.—Our New York Correspondent has got up quite a metaphysical discussion, and that, too, in the midst of "dog-days," with the thermometer at *ninety-five*. Beat that who can. The metaphysical mind will, no doubt, relish highly the acute discriminations and skillful logic of our correspondent, even if he does not fully consent to his conclusions.

WILLIAM F. NAST, oldest son of Rev. Dr. Nast, has arrived in Stuttgart, where he has been appointed United States Consul. This is the native place of Dr. Nast. The Doctor's family are now there, and will remain for two or three years.

THE METHODIST has entered upon its second volume. Drs. Crook and McClintock are its principal editors as heretofore. They are assisted in the editorial department by Drs. Abel Stevens and B. H. Nadal, and also by Prof. Schem. O. B. Judd, of the American Agri-

culturist, has charge of the agricultural department. This makes a very strong editorial array, and it is not too much to say that the result is a paper of corresponding ability and variety.

BIBLE AGENCY IN SOUTH-WESTERN OHIO.—The Rev. William Herr has been appointed by the American Bible Society to this important agency. Mr. Herr is a man of untiring zeal and activity, and we trust under his efficient supervision this large and promising field will become still more productive for the Bible cause.

REV. DR. CARY has been appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Minnesota. His office is at St. Paul, the capital.

DR. THOMAS E. BOND, editor of the late Baltimore Christian Advocate, is said to be a secessionist. A Baltimore correspondent, referring to a Fourth of July celebration, says: "Dr. Bond ventilated his secession with considerable gusto at a celebration in Harford county on the 4th inst. He could not have done much better at Richmond. It was a queer juxtaposition, the Doctor's speech and the Declaration of Independence. He is the Hildebrand of the Maryland secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church, but his late organ, The Baltimore Christian Advocate, is dead." It is quite natural that treason to the Church should soon be followed by treason to the State.

THE WESLEYAN JOURNALS AND THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.—In a private note, our good friend, the editor of the Provincial Wesleyan, and Book Steward of the Eastern British American Conference, takes exceptions to our reference to the manner in which the Wesleyan journals spoke of the Slaveholders' Rebellion in its early stages. Unfortunately we are not now able to lay our hand upon the particular passages which provoked our animadversion. It may be that they did not merit language so strong as that employed by us. But we must confess that the tone of these journals filled us with surprise, regret, and indignation. We are glad to observe that most of our English journalists have come to a better understanding of the matter. We wish to do no injustice to our brethren.

LIFE AMONG THE CHINESE.—A friend inquires why "this work has not been noticed in the Repository." Simply because it has not been received. The Agents probably overlooked us. Will they please send us a copy?

A DISAPPOINTED CONTRIBUTOR.—We have often disappointed our hopeful contributors, but never from "malice aforethought." A more beautiful acknowledgment of such disappointment than the following has rarely been penned. The fair writer will pardon the liberty we have taken with it:

How disappointed I was on seeing my "Pearls" cast aside as unworthy, your heart would have guessed had you seen how swiftly my fingers flew over the keys of my piano. I had spent nearly all my leisure moments for weeks in its composition. Never mind, I know there are yet sweet, holy thoughts gushing in the fountain of peace opened in my soul. Softly my lips whisper thanks for even censure kindly uttered. How it strengthens the Christian to strive yet more firmly for the distant heights, the pure air of the Delectable Mountains; to aspire to a very sacred nearness to the Author of the beautiful—the fountain of poetry!

WHERE IS LOON LAKE?—Our correspondents have not even yet settled this important question. We speak of it as an "important" question; but we are not quite sure where the "important" comes in—whether it relates to the loons, to the veracity of the artist whose creation has awakened so much interest, or to the curiosity of our readers. But we are willing to give all parties a hearing:

We have noticed with considerable interest the numerous claims that have been presented for "Loon Lake"—the identical one that was presented a short time since to the numerous friends of the "Repository." Before the inquiry came out, Where is "Loon Lake?" and the answer, "We [that is, the editor] don't know," most people were satisfied that their Loon Lake was the very one that had crept into the "Repository." But now doubts arise, and as the strongest claim must have the preference, we are inclined to put in one from Northern New York—the Empire State. In the great forest of Northern New York, on John Brown's tract, there are two lakes called "Loon Lake;" one is in Warren county and the other in Franklin. Both will answer for the one in the Repository, for the deer may be seen slaking its thirst from their cool waters. And surely our north woods, or, as Greeley of the Tribune calls it, the "park" of the State of New York, ought to have a representation in the Ladies' Repository. Will you not admit our claim to Loon Lake engraving?

A. E. C.

EFFECT OF THE WAR UPON LITERATURE.—In financial panics no department of business feels the shock so soon, so deeply, or so long as the book trade. War produces the same effect. People must have meat and bread, and clothes. The physical wants of their children must be supplied. These things are regarded the *essentials* of life. Literature, in the estimation of most, is a *non-essential*—a thing desirable, a thing to be had if it can be without too much cost or inconvenience, but with which they can easily dispense. The injury done to the soul—the intellect, the heart—by denying its needed aliment is not so apparent. The immortal may be dwarfed, sensualized, and perverted; but it is a deformity that does not strike the sense. It is not seen by the eye, not felt like the pinching of hunger or the freezing of cold. Hence men are inclined to ignore its reality. Children may be growing up to maturity in the family; a few years will suffice to give permanent form to their tastes, and, in fine, their whole intellectual and moral character. If the mental aliment they need is denied during these few years they will suffer an injury which is absolutely irreparable.

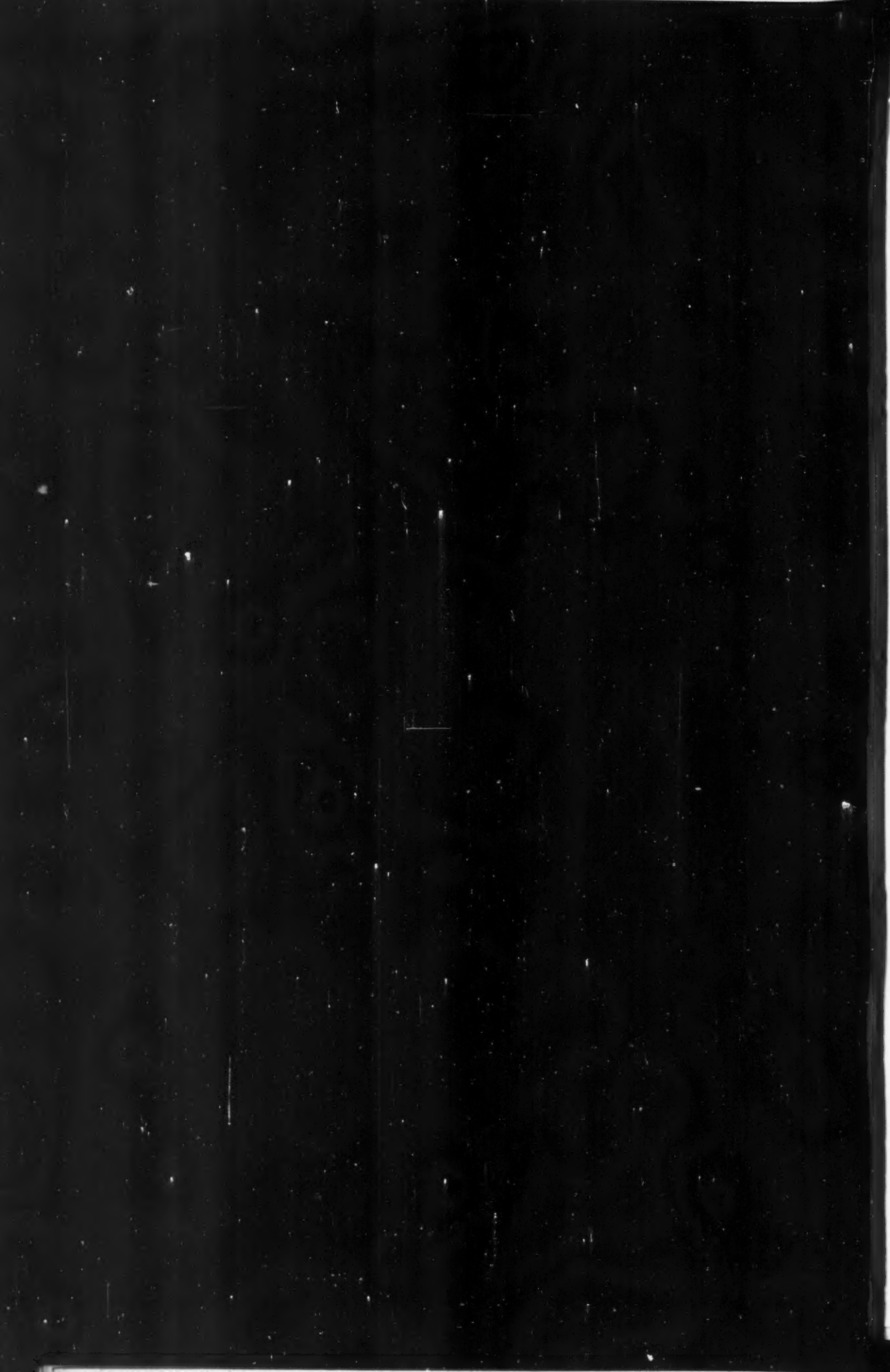
Where it becomes simply a question of supply or starvation, then, as a cotemporary playfully remarks, "pork must be held superior to poetry, beef to biography, and cheap house-rent to history and *belles-lettres*." But with the great body of the American people in the free States this has not become the question. It will not, however long or fierce may be the war. It simply checks their progress in the acquisition of wealth. Is there, then, a Christian father in all the land who would be willing for such a cause to deny to his children the literary aliment so much needed, and the lack of which is to affect them so seriously for all coming time? Better make haste a little more slowly to gain in worldly goods; better, indeed, consent to make no gain at all than to consent to do it at the expense of soul-nurture for self and children.

There is also another cause, besides the pecuniary, for this neglect of books and literature. The public mind

is preoccupied with one all-absorbing excitement. The war is upon us. The nation is convulsed. The mightiest drama ever enacted upon the continent is in progress. We are not disinterested spectators. Every one of us—man, woman, and child—is to be affected by the result. Our fathers, brothers, husbands, and children are in the field. The wires that vibrate with messages from the battle-fields hold magnetic connection with our very heart-strings. What wonder, then, if "the news," "the news," should become the all-absorbing desire and the irrepressible cry of the people! Under this pressure the circulation of the daily newspapers has swollen up to almost fabulous proportions. The fastest lightning expresses have no longer a speed equal to the demand. The "fourth estate" is evidently in power. We are glad that the *habit of reading* will be kept up. So far it is good. We will not disparage this kind of literature. Nay, there is one feature of it we admire. We refer to the publication of private letters written from the various seats of military operations to friends at home. A cotemporary says that "the war correspondence, thus far, has been almost entirely supplied through these sources; and from them we glean our most valuable information—not, indeed, of the designs of cabinets, and of affairs on a large scale, but of the minutiae of camp life, of the hardships of the rank and file, of the cheerfulness with which they are borne, of the state of health and of morals in our army, and a hundred other kindred topics which are never alluded to in public dispatches, and which are deemed unworthy the notice of the dignified 'own correspondent.' These letters, written under the most unfavorable circumstances, and with no idea on the part of their writers that they would ever see print, have not unfrequently both surprised and pleased us—surprised, because of the literary ability which they displayed; and pleased, because of the genuine good-feeling, and patriotism, and patience under adverse circumstances, which evidently inspired the authors. It has been said, and with truth, that in the United States every man is a soldier. It would seem from these specimens that ere long, with the spread of education and enlightenment, every man will wield the pen of a ready writer." All this is true to the very letter. But the question is, Shall this kind of reading absorb every other? Is the Christian man willing that it should exclude his religious reading?—willing that it should be the only literature placed in the hands or occupying the minds of his children? Would this be more absurd in principle or more pernicious in its influence than it would for the Christian man to allow patriotic assemblies to take the place of religious meetings, and home guard drills to supplant the exercises of prayer?

These thoughts are eminently worthy the attention of Christian men. The present juncture of public affairs, and their prospective as well as present influence upon religious literature, give to them a great importance. Timely attention may save us from a great evil. That evil is not merely the circumscribing of the circulation of our Church literature, but in the alienation of the minds of our people from it, and in the perversion of the public taste, till it has no liking for that which is spiritually and intellectually nourishing. A word to the wise is sufficient.







Eng. & by A. H. Ritchie

Clifton Harris

1840